

FIFTY CENTS

MAY 10, 1971

# TIME

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INVASION**



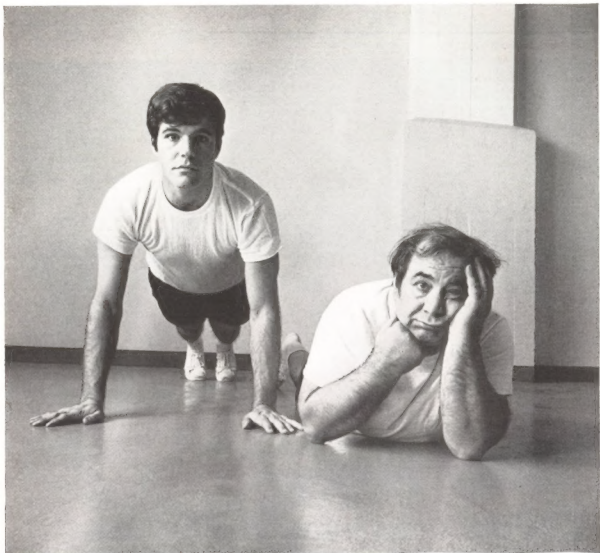
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## LETTERS

### My Grandson, the Robot

Sir: I used to lie awake nights imagining the suffering of my yet unborn grandchildren in the ecological nightmare of the future.

Now you have shown me that the genetically altered "Superbeings" of the future [April 19], with their pushbutton chest consoles and "drug cafés" may be able to endure anything that future holds through chemical adjustments, and so avoid all "human" suffering. Why should I lose sleep over my grandson, the robot?

(MRS.) ESTELLE O. MURRAY  
Glendale, N.Y.

Sir: Your article on the New Genetics is by far the foulest thing I have ever read. That these "scientists" should toy with problems of such universal and profound significance shows only that our educational system is an abominable failure, turning out unnatural, immoral and monstrous specimens of humanity. Are these creatures now to change our lives in the name of science?

PHIBE SZATMARI  
New York City

Sir: As the wife of a graduate student in microbiology, I am only too familiar with the "life scientist" and his insatiable desire to know, to understand and even to create existence. That desire is exactly what makes him human.

It is impossible to limit the quest short of killing off the quester: man himself. In-

deed, those who would set limits are the ones who tamper with "the natural order of things."

SUSAN L. McVEY  
Syracuse

Sir: Throughout your article on the New Genetics, one perceives a great uneasiness that maybe all this knowledge is a bad thing, that man is necessarily being forced into a moral dilemma.

Being a rationalist, I cannot believe that it is better to be an ostrich than to be the thing that most distinguishes man from ape, a seeker after knowledge for the sake of itself. Misuse of knowledge results from ignorance. To believe otherwise is to believe that being out of contact with reality is less likely to lead to bad effects than is sanity.

If man fails the evolutionary test, it will be because he knew too little or because, knowing enough, he had too little moral courage to apply it.

JERRE NAGYLAKE  
Boulder, Colo.

Sir: I'll be the first to applaud progress if it is beneficial and wise; however, I do not like the direction the New Genetics is taking. Scientists should not start tampering with man, regardless of how high their intentions are. Any scientist who harbors a desire to be God has an astronomical ego and is to be greatly feared and watched.

(MRS.) LUCY L. RANKIN  
Lancaster, Pa.

Sir: Where did you ever find those remarkable testimonies to the progress genetic engineering has made? From individuals pictured on your cover, who seem to be totally without sexual apparatus?

RICHARD McALEE  
Rochester

Sir: Your story on the New Genetics was fascinating, and here is a little memo for those scientists:

Uniform skin color for all humans, please. And mark it urgent.

JANE WOODROW  
Kenwick, Australia

Sir: I am troubled by the potential power of this science.

It seems to me irresponsible that scientists and theologians faced with the possibility of genetic manipulation and the question of who is to control it say that such manipulation "should not" be done. It would be better to face the fact that it will be done, if not by responsible scientists then by bureaucrats or power-hungry persons.

Perhaps the best use for genetic manipulation would be to create a future form of man with a permanent abhorrence to any genetic tinkering.

BARBARA J. STEPHENSON  
Davis, Calif.

Sir: In the diagram "Protein Synthesis," your artist showed the nucleic-acid fragment UGA as a "three-letter word" that "codes for one amino acid."

UGA is not a code for an amino acid; it is one of the few combinations that

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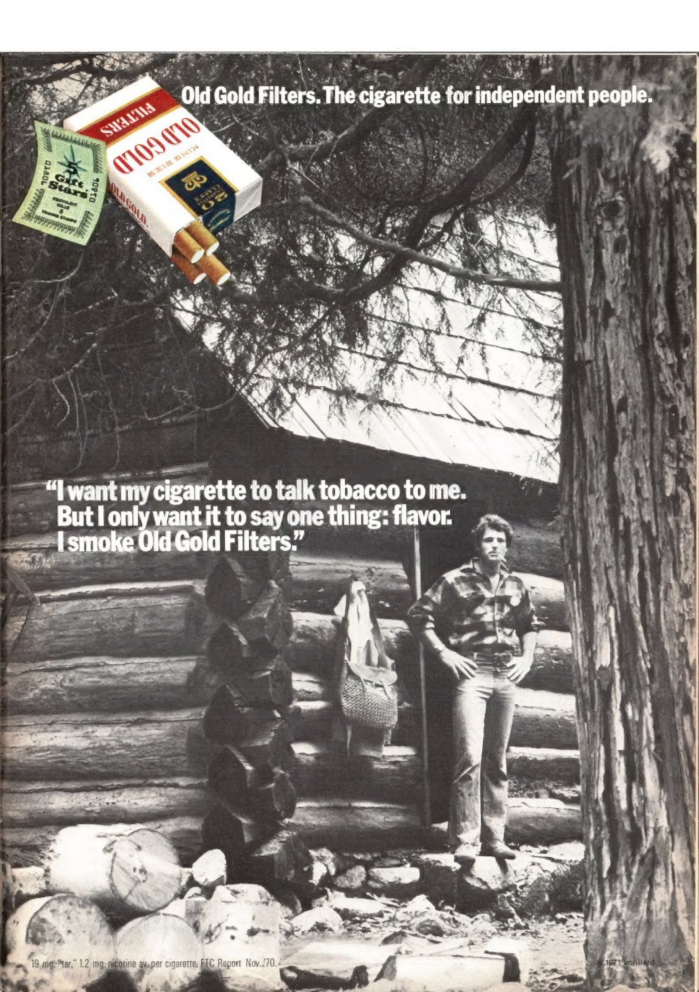
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tell the machine that makes proteins to bring an end to the protein chain, acting just like the period at the end of this sentence.

THOMAS H. JUKES  
Berkeley, Calif.

### Out of the Cocoon

Sir: So at last China's Chairman Mao climbs out of his cocoon and extends the hand of friendship to America [April 26]. But watch it, "Mr. America." For too long you have been a pawn and political scapegoat at the hands of the Communist bloc.

While the world awaits the sordid outcome in Viet Nam, the Communists are hunting with both the hare and the hounds. So before this friendship becomes a courtship, make doubly sure that your great space secrets are buried safely where "no rust, or moth can consume, or thieves steal."

JOHN O'FLAHERTY  
Watergrasshill, Ireland

Sir: Much gratitude is owed to the members of the U.S. Ping Pong team. Because of their friendly reception in Red China, we will hopefully be able to ease the tensions of more than two decades. Thanks is also due President Nixon, who acted swiftly to thaw relations with Red China. Premier Chou En-lai has stated that he would like to visit the U.S. Let's hope that if he does come, he will receive the same friendly greeting that the Ping Pong team received.

J. EDWARD LOVELL III  
Odessa, Fla.

Sir: How gullible can we Americans get! A U.S. table tennis team is admitted to Red China and is given an incredibly warm welcome. Meanwhile, Mao continues to pour military and advisory support into North Viet Nam. The same can be said of Communist Russia. Each talks of growing friendship and cooperation with the U.S.

Ironically, this situation could find us, at the final Vietnamization and withdrawal of U.S. troops, shaking hands in friendship with two nations who have significantly contributed to the death and wounding of tens of thousands of U.S. soldiers throughout Indochina.

CHARLES P. BARRETT  
Watervliet, N.Y.

### Bugged or Bugging

Sir: It is not a case of who is bugging Congressman Hale Boggs [April 19] but rather *what* is bugging him.

If he had a clear conscience he would not be bothered. If someone taps my phone, he will soon get annoyed at the uninteresting listening. Anyone who has lived with a rural party line can live with bugging.

Only shyster lawyers and their clients need beat their breasts about wiretaps. The rest of us simple folks have little to worry about.

GEORGE C. GOULD  
Elmira, N.Y.

### Clear-Cutting

Sir: Your article "Tumult Over Timbering" [April 19] contains both errors of fact and misrepresentation.

The statement that the Forest Service's "budget is hiked when it does more timber business" is false. Forest Service appropriations are authorized annually by

the Congress without regard to the revenues from annual timber sales. The forest industry has consistently urged that a portion of receipts from timber sales be used for timber growing.

The question as to whether clear-cutting is "good or bad for the country's 182 million acres of national forests" is moot. (The actual figure is 186 million.) Only 97 million acres of the national forests are classified as commercial forests. Of that, about two-thirds is slated for commercial forest management because of streamside, roadside, watershed and recreational withdrawals.

It is untrue that clear-cutting "reduces food sources for birds and small mammals." The reverse is true. It is erroneously stated that "U.S. forests are now being cut faster than they are being replanted." That statement is false. Cubic-foot volume growth exceeds annual harvest by 30%.

JAMES R. TURNBULL  
Executive Vice President  
National Forest Products Association  
Washington

► *TIME* erred in some details, but feels that it described the dispute fairly. Some of Mr. Turnbull's assertions are arguable. For instance, while federal law dictates no relationship between the appropriations for the Forest Service and timber-harvest revenues, an expert study last year indicated that such a relationship exists in practice. Also, the service concedes that it is five years behind in replanting areas that have been clear-cut.

### A Rose for Daniel

Sir: Throw a rose to Captain Daniel [April 19], who, in the wake of indecisiveness of other public figures, has the

forthright daring and clarity of thought to say what he feels, regardless of the kind of acceptance it might receive.

JAMES M. RICHARD  
Oklahoma City

Sir: Either Captain Daniel is grotesquely naive or untutored in U.S. history.

Atrocity in warfare, social and military, is as common to us as hot dogs—and too often glorified. The trial of Lieut. Calley is consequently a self-pious exercise in hypocrisy. And in view of historical truth, let Captain Daniel spew his indignation elsewhere than on the President's desk.

FREDERIC HENRY  
Key Largo, Fla.

Sir: I strongly resent *TIME*'s presuming to speak for the Army in regard to Captain Daniel's leaving the service.

I don't pretend to speak for the Army, but as one of its members, I find the departure of any competent, hard-working, courageous officer to be a sad occasion.

RICHARD L. COX JR.  
Major, U.S.A.  
Knoxville, Tenn.

Sir: Contrary to *TIME*'s suggestion that Prosecutor Aubrey Daniel has the respect of his peers, I would doubt that very many professional officers in any of the services have much respect for a man who publicly chastises the Commander in Chief.

CHARLES H. CHRISTIANSEN  
Lieutenant, U.S.A.F.  
Scott A.F.B., Ill.

### An Old Racket

Sir: Apparently term-paper hustling is an old racket [April 19]. My university students warn that one must always order a paper that will receive a grade commensurate with one's previous performance. Thus, deliberate Cs and Bs may be requested in preference to the interesting, fascinating, informative, original A. When I rebuke the practice, the reply is, "But the politicians' speeches are written for them, and look at all the books and articles that are ghosted."

ANN PEYTON  
Thomasville, Ga.

Sir: One of my professors at Northwestern University is now requiring us to hand in our notes taken for the term paper. We're also required to maintain a critical bibliography on all "sources" used.

RICHARD A. JANIS  
Evanston, Ill.

### For Silver or Prestige?

Sir: Pope Paul VI's Easter-time blast at resigning Catholic priests [April 19] is staggering even to those of us who have become relatively injured to the aberrant nature of papal statements in recent years. If Paul's sentiments represent the church he claims to serve, we former priests are happier somewhere else.

Judas, we recall, sold his master for a material profit. One wonders whether any institution in history has so consistently sold out on its principles and ideals as the Roman branch of Christendom—not now for 30 silver pieces, but for prestige, legal immunity, tax exemptions and Government funds for its schools.

FRANK DERRIMAN  
Brighton, Australia

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page of photographs, most in full color, of fabulous foods, the extraordinary people who created or dined on them, and the interesting places in which they were served.

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broche loaf filled with salmon, mushrooms, velouté sauce and crêpes)...or *selle de veau Orloff* (saddle of veal with soubise, mushrooms, truffles and mornay sauce)...or *gâteau Saint-Honoré*, a cream puff and pastry cream cake that, quite by itself, is enough to turn any dinner into a celebration!

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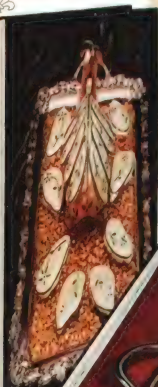
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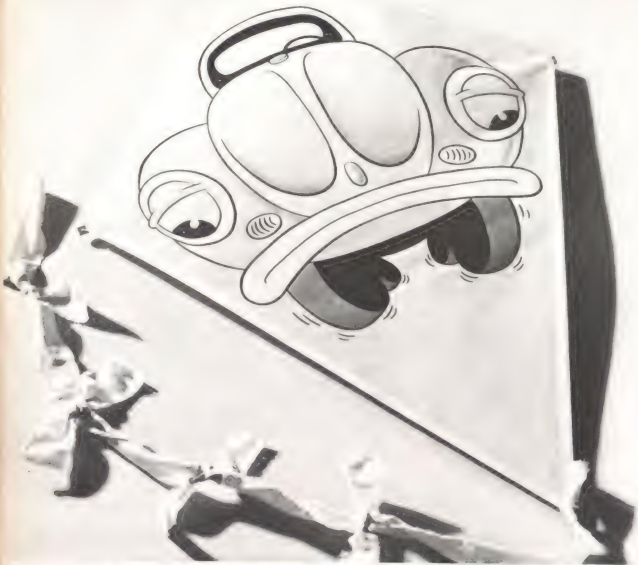
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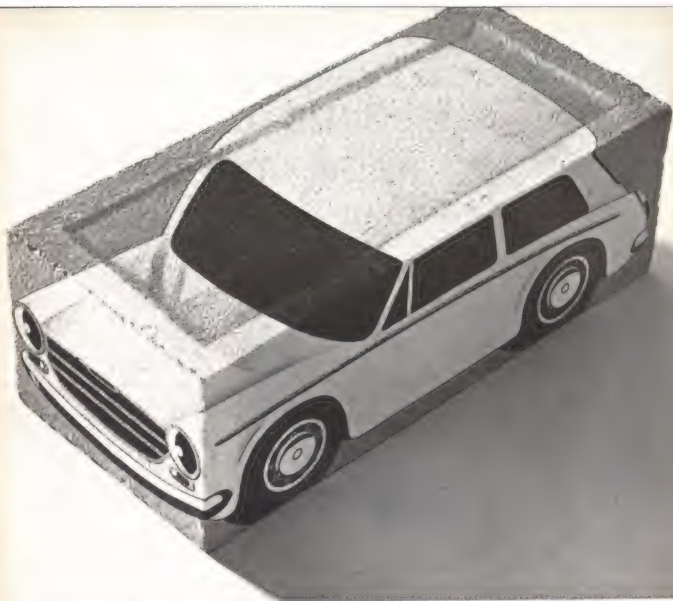
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By Tom Follett  
Marine Consultant

If you're crazy enough to sail across a 3,000 mile ocean with no crew, no motor and no way to contact shore, then you'd better have a couple of things going for you.

A boat, for one.

Mine was called "Cheers." And every single inch of her forty feet was designed, built and tested specially for the crossing.

But all that wasn't worth a can of beans if I couldn't get her from Plym-

outh, England to Newport, Rhode Island.

To navigate, I used my hand calibrated, Royal Navy sextant and my four-year-old Accutron watch.

What I had to have going for me besides a boat (and luck) were navigational instruments.

So I used my hand calibrated, Royal Navy sextant. And my four-year-old Accutron watch.

When you compute longitude, even if your sextant is perfect, if your time-

piece is just 40 seconds off, it'll throw you 10 miles off course.

And I had enough to worry about without that.

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After all that time of keeping me on course (no matter how far off a storm tried to throw me) I trusted it to come through again.

And as you can see by that big headline up there, it did.

It's been two years now, since the crossing. And "Cheers" has retired to a British museum.

But my old Accutron watch has remained very accurately on the job.

And I would still be wearing it now, if it weren't for the fact that Bulova gave me a new one for writing this ad.

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## THE NATION

### AMERICAN NOTES

#### Low Day

May Day was also Law Day, and that coincidence served, in a way, to define some perimeters of the national mood. Demonstrators massed in Washington and other cities to protest the war, as they have each spring since 1965. While the demonstrations had an immediate potential for violence, many Americans continued to fear lawlessness from their own institutions—wiretapping, for example, and other intimations of Big Brotherhood.

Yet it is surprising, after so much volatile dissent, after a decade of dangerously increased crime vastly complicated by overburdened courts and jails, that the rule of law has endured so well in the U.S. The violent strains of the past few years might, by many rules of human behavior, have led to vigilante gangs, urban civil war and brutal police and military retaliations. Sometimes they did. But overall, the New Left's nightmare of massive repression has become no more real than the rightists' premonitions of perpetual fire bombs and anarchy. Despite clanging divisions in the nation, Americans remain almost remarkably united in settling most of their conflicts through legal processes.

#### Mournful Whistles

In an almost literal sense, it was the railroad tie that bound the nation together—trains pumping commerce across the vast continental expanse, rattling and mournfully whistling through the prairie or small-town American nights with the promise of escape to the cities, of traveling on. For gener-

ations of Americans, the rhythm of trains has been part of their national memory, the clickety-clack of long journeys, the special sense of desolate silence that overwhelms the countryside when a train passes and disappears.

Last week, in an effort to turn the railroad into a modern if diminished mode of travel, the National Railroad Passenger Corp., called Amtrak, began its service. In the interests of efficiency, Amtrak eliminated nearly 200 trains. Among the casualties were some that had become legendary—the *Wabash Cannonball* from St. Louis to Detroit, the *Capitol Limited* from Washington to Chicago, the *Nancy Hanks II* from Savannah to Atlanta. Dozens of other great trains, such as the *Twentieth Century Limited* and the *Phoebe Snow* between Hoboken, N.J., and Chicago, had already vanished. What remains of rail service may become better than ever, as Amtrak promises rather unconvincingly, but the special mythic quality has been lost on the wind with the vanished steamers.

#### Sam for President

The most improbable presidential aspirant yet to surface, freewheeling Los Angeles Mayor Sam Yorty, did a bit of preliminary campaigning last week in New Hampshire at the behest of arch-conservative Newspaper Publisher William Loeb. At Manchester's Memorial High School, a senior named Kathy Sullivan disconcerted Yorty with a devastating question: "Los Angeles has serious problems with poverty, pollution, crime and racism. You have been there a long time. How do we know that the U.S. won't become one big Los Angeles if you are elected?"



ARREST AT JUSTICE DEPARTMENT  
Perimeters of the national mood.

#### Who Weeps?

One year has not erased all of the hatred that flared into gunfire on the campus of Ohio's Kent State University, or assuaged the anguish of the victims' families. On the anniversary of the tragedy, Pittsburgh's Arthur Krause cited a poem as best conveying the "essence and spirit" of his daughter Allison, one of the four students slain by Ohio National Guardsmen. Excerpts from the poem, written by Krause's friend, Manhattan Insurance Broker Peter Davies:

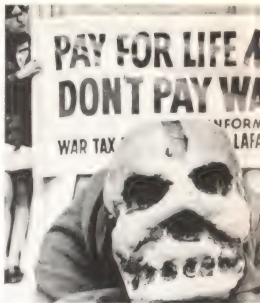
*You, out there, you patriots  
of silence,  
what do you know of me?  
I who lie in this lonely  
place beneath the soil,  
cold as the death I died  
for no reason nor cause  
except your hatred.  
If I could come to you whole,  
And let you see me,  
Touch me, know me,  
Would you then weep for me,  
you silent patriots?  
Do you hear the mournful song  
of a distant bird,  
the soft and gentle flutter  
of her wounded wings?  
Or are you so made  
of stone and steel  
no dart of love  
could pierce the armor  
of your frozen hearts?  
Then go, go, wave your pretty  
flags to marching muscles  
and leave me with  
those that love me.  
Go preach your hate;  
but mark me well,  
the day will surely come  
when I, in others, shall  
arise and bring to all of you  
Love and Peace.*

TRAINMAN & "NANCY HANKS II" BEFORE LAST RUN





NIXON AT MARINES' CAMP PENDLETON



PROTEST SIGN & MASKED DEMONSTRATOR AT

## The Chess of Ending a War

THE script seemed once more to be playing out with the inevitability of Greek theater. Again a chorus of dissenters in the Washington spring, again the President before reporters and television cameras, explaining, in the tenth year of the Viet Nam War, that he could not be moved by demonstrators' passions. Both sides, as always, clung to their own higher logic—the protesters to the rights of humanity beyond all political or even practical considerations, the President to his responsibilities to a larger design for peace ("Not just for us, but for our children, their children"). But for all the ritual quality of both the demonstrations and Richard Nixon's pronouncements, they contained new and unique elements.

Large questions about the future of the antiwar movement would be answered this week as the Mayday demonstrators, numbering up to 30,000, attempt an exercise in "nonviolent civil disobedience" to shut down the Federal Government for two days by blocking nine key bridges and intersections in Washington during rush hours.

**Guerrilla Theater.** The problems of keeping such disruptive protest peaceful may be difficult for both demonstrators and police. All last week a force of about 2,000 youths and adults, organized loosely around the People's Lobby, experimented throughout Washington with blunt, symbolic techniques of agitation. Groups raced through the corridors of the Capitol and Senate Office Building, wailing and moaning for the Vietnamese civilian dead. Some stormed into congressional offices to perform guerrilla theater, miming war's atrocities. In Arizona Senator Barry Goldwater's office,

demonstrators dumped red paint onto books and furniture, including an Indian art object. Goldwater responded by simply closing his office for the duration.

Protesters shrieked from the Senate gallery: "People are dying! God have mercy on your souls!" Some, led by the Southern Christian Leadership Conference's Hosea Williams, stormed the Department of Health, Education and Welfare. Others gathered at the "war machine's" Justice Department and Selective Service offices, lobbying with civil service workers, sometimes trying to bar the doors. By night, much of the group camped in tents in West Potomac Park near the Jefferson Memorial, where drugs and petty thefts contaminated the larger purpose of the gathering.

**Bumper Sticker.** Last week's performance left a sour and uneasy feeling among many Congressmen and others who had been profoundly moved by the previous week's protests by dissident Viet Nam veterans. "The vets left a really strong and favorable impression," said an aide to one of the Senate's most outspoken doves. "But these kids are destroying it." One group that appeared before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee reduced Vermont Senator George Aiken, a persistent war critic, to sounding like a right-wing bumper sticker. Advising them that there was no law against leaving the U.S., he snapped: "Why the hell do you stay here if other countries are so much better?"

The editors of the George Washington University *Hatchet* had only harsh words of welcome for the Mayday forces. "The 'give peace a chance' gang had their day last week and now they are gone," said a *Hatchet* editorial entitled "For-

get It." "A new crowd is in town now . . . They have plans that we find disturbing, self-defeating and absurd."

Addressing the Mayday coalition, the paper advised: "After you get finished making what you think is a revolution by playing in the traffic, and if you happen to avoid arrest, don't come back here crying 'repression!' and try to stir up Act Two of your kind of revolution. Some trashing and some attempts at stirring up the campus proletarian have gotten to be routine around here and they don't impress anybody. The activities of last week made up a legitimate and resounding demand for an immediate end to America's latest bungling overseas caper. The kind of stuff planned for next week will do nothing but detract from the impact of

ANTIWAR PROTESTERS STAGE



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IRS OFFICES



MOCK BATTLE AT SECRETARY LAIRD'S HOME

last week's march and veterans' action."

For his part, the President at Thursday's news conference spoke respectfully of the demonstrators: there was none of last year's talk of "hums." But he reiterated, talking to Hanoi as much as to his domestic audience, that he would not be "intimidated." Said Nixon: "If we were to do what they were advocating—a precipitate withdrawal before the South Vietnamese had a chance to prevent a Communist takeover—that would lead to a very dangerous situation in the Pacific and increase the dangers of war in the future . . . I think that they will judge me harshly now. But I think what is important is how they judge the consequences of the decisions I make now, which I think are in their best interests and in the interests of our children."

The President remains unbending in his refusal to set a date for total U.S. withdrawal from the war—the central demand of his domestic critics and of

the North Vietnamese and Viet Cong negotiators in Paris. Nixon repeated that such an announcement would remove any diminishing incentive that the enemy might have to negotiate a peace and would give Hanoi all the information it would need to prepare an onslaught against withdrawing U.S. forces.

**Larger Gamble.** Actually, anyone with calendar and pencil can calculate that the U.S., even at the present rate of withdrawal, will probably be down to a "residual" force level of about 50,000 troops by mid-1972. Nixon said for the first time last week that a Korean-type residual force will not remain in Viet Nam. The central question is when and under what conditions the U.S. will withdraw the residuals.

The Administration reasons that the residual force must remain 1) to ensure that the South Vietnamese have a chance to go it alone and 2) as a hole card to play to obtain release of U.S. P.O.W.s. Withdrawal as a result of successful Vietnamization is, according to Nixon, foreseeable in the near future. The much larger gamble involves maintaining the residual force until the American prisoners are released—a maneuver that in a sense amounts to open-end commitment. Except for the P.O.W.s, a total withdrawal by early or mid-1973 would be predictable. In an effort to establish an opening on the P.O.W. question the U.S. last week announced that it would repatriate 540 sick and wounded North Vietnamese prisoners.

Hanoi, however, may well refuse to release American prisoners as long as any U.S. troops remain in Viet Nam. Last week the North Vietnamese delegate to the Paris peace talks, Xuan Thuy, invited negotiations on a fixed-date withdrawal of U.S. troops, suggesting that if the date is set, discussions on the release of prisoners may

begin. The message, along with several others (see box, following page), was doubtless timed to support the demonstrators in the U.S. In effect, it was the same offer Hanoi made last year. Nixon replied at his press conference that he would not set a date until Hanoi offered "not just the promise to discuss the release of our prisoners but a commitment to release our prisoners."

It is a grotesque aspect of all war that it becomes a sort of chess game in a charnel house. At week's end Nixon, as if to find a brief respite in a crisper tradition, flew to Camp Pendleton, Calif., to welcome home the 1st Marine Division after five years of bloody fighting. Acrid white smoke rose over the parade grounds from a 21-gun salute. Nixon, thoughtful and obviously proud, pinned a presidential combat citation on the unit colors. "We are not going to fail," he told the Marines. "We shall succeed." Later he issued a word of warning to the protesters: "The right to demonstrate for peace abroad does not carry with it the right to break the peace at home." Nixon spent the weekend at San Clemente, and then planned to come back to the White House and wait for reports from the streets outside.

## PROTEST

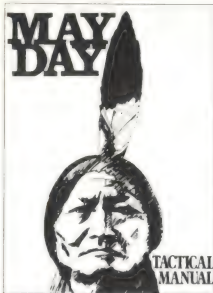
### Order of Battle

With its latticework of bridges, boulevards and traffic circles, Washington, D.C., is a vulnerable target, and Mayday-Organizer Rennie Davis and his radicals have had the city squarely in their sights for a long time. Determined to bring the Government to a halt for at least one day, they are bent on carrying out a meticulous plan that is a model of guerrilla ingenuity. The theme: stop the blood and you stop the heart. Stop the heart and the "monster"—the

SITDOWN AT PENTAGON







DEMONSTRATORS' HANDBOOK

*In the traffic, large questions for the movement.*

war machine—dies. The means: block the city's bridges and roads with thousands of protesters.

The idea of shutting down Washington grew out of outrage over Cambodia and the tragedies at Kent and Jackson State. Davis and Jerry Collin, an organizer for the War Resisters League, met last June and discussed the possibility of large-scale civil disobedience. Last summer Davis honed their plans still further during a Berkeley meeting that included Mike Lerner, a leading New Left strategist and a defendant in the Seattle Seven trial. By then a model existed: the tie-up of Se-



RENNIE DAVIS

attle's freeways by University of Washington students last May.

In September, the newly formed National Coalition Against War, Racism and Repression (now known as The People's Coalition for Peace and Justice) endorsed the idea of strangling the capital. Davis meanwhile flew to Paris and won the encouragement of the North Vietnamese delegation. As he recalled: "The Vietnamese were saying that now was a time to act, that it might be possible to set off a chain of events that would end the war." Davis then hit the circuit, appealing to college audiences with the slogan: "Unless the Government of the

U.S. stops the war in Viet Nam, we will stop the Government of the U.S."

Davis, 30, who is a veteran of the peace wars and one of the Chicago Seven, met with some resistance as he gathered his cadres. He wanted to carry out a nonviolent demonstration, and many hard-core radicals considered nonviolence a romantic relic of the past. Others were reluctant to participate because, as one organizer put it, "Mayday looked like an engraved invitation to a conspiracy trial." Still, Davis gathered an impressive file of 3-in.-by-5-in. cards listing potential organizers; by November he had established a nuclear staff of four or five that was to expand and become known as the Mayday Collective. They set up temporary headquarters in a rundown three-story house in Northwest Washington.

**Running Out.** As usual, money was a problem, even though some surprisingly large sums came from individual donors. To cut costs, as well as keep the operation on a grass-roots level, Davis set up 14 regional offices for recruitment and training. Much of the meager treasury was expended on an ambitious propaganda project, a 30-minute color film titled *Time Is Running Out*, narrated by folk singer Joni Mitchell. The film was shown from campus to campus, accompanied by the distribution of thousands of leaflets.

To give the project a sound revolutionary imprimatur, as well as a psychological lift, student leaders traveled to Saigon and Hanoi to hammer out joint peace proposals with local student groups. Davis visited the Hanoi delegation in Paris again: when he returned, a conference of some 2,000 students was held in Ann Arbor, Mich., where the scenario for Mayday was approved.

**But Embraced.** The Washington staff took great pains to ensure that regional organizations complied with the nonviolence pledge. One recalcitrant office was told to shut down, and all potential participants were warned that any violence, even trashing, would earn them the dread label of "pig provocateur." The theme was driven home with a 135-page, multicolored manual, one of the most thorough guerrilla guide books in the U.S. today. Still another manual gave regional leaders a step-by-step guide to Mayday tactics. Instructions on how to choke some 21 key sites read: "The regional groups will be broken into units of 10-25 people. The units will move in waves, one unit in each wave, onto the road. They will sit down in a circle, and pass the pipe and play music until arrested. The next wave will then move to the road." As for the police, the manual said that "resistance from authorities is expected to be very rough, although it will be difficult to execute without a general disruption of traffic, which achieves our potential goal." Despite their pacific aims, Davis and his confederates were understandably worried that passionate protesters could get out of hand.

The entrances to Washington and its

## But Who Wants Uncle Ho?

**A**RE some G.I.s actually fighting with the Viet Cong? In Paris last week, V.C. Spokesman Duong Dinh Thao called a press conference to announce that "there are a number of American soldiers fighting in the ranks of the liberation army." He then went on to launch what sounded very much like an **UNCLE HO WANTS YOU** campaign. U.S. defections, Thao proclaimed, would be encouraged by a just-issued V.C. "order of the day." The five-point order instructed the Viet Cong not to attack G.I. units that refrained from hostile action. G.I.s desiring to slip over to the other side would need only to flash some antiwar literature to secure safe conduct into V.C. territory. Defectors would be assured help in getting to a neutral country—or home to the U.S. if they wanted. But those who would stay and fight with the Viet Cong would find themselves in line for

unspecified "appropriate rewards."

Since 1966, there have been periodic reports—few of them confirmed—of G.I. defectors in Viet Nam. In 1968 an American reconnaissance patrol happened on a Viet Cong squad that was led by a sandy-haired American who wore a red sash and carried a Communist AK-47 assault rifle; killed in the subsequent shootout, the American was identified as a Marine deserter. The latest sighting of a suspected defector occurred just three weeks ago near Kontum: villagers reported a visit by a Viet Cong patrol that included one very tall man who appeared to be a black G.I.

Still, U.S. officials estimate, fewer than a dozen of the 1,505 G.I.s listed as captured or missing in the war are turncoats working for the enemy. And those few, said one intelligence officer, "are lifelong losers drawn by the guerrilla mystique."

internal traffic system were studied with a thoroughness that would do credit to a West Point classroom. Above all, participants were cautioned. Washington's black community must be disturbed as little as possible, and the Government employees denied access to their offices must not be alienated, but embraced. The soft-spoken Davis seems clearly bent on instruction rather than intimidation of Government workers. But the potential for intimidation is there. Said he: "If there are still people in this town who don't feel they are guilty, who can get up and put on their coats and ties and go to work, we are going to stop those people on the streets and find out what is in their heads."

## ARMED FORCES

### Night of the General

Part of the outcry and the anguish over William Calley's conviction for multiple murders at My Lai came from the sense of many Americans that the young lieutenant was only a scapegoat. Punish sergeants, lieutenants, perhaps captains, but let the big brass alone. The Nixon Administration and the U.S. Army are troubled and embarrassed by that sentiment. Partly as a result, there is one big figure who is unlikely to get away without a murder charge.

TIME Correspondent John Mulliken has learned that after a lengthy investigation by its Criminal Investigation Division, the Army is considering an accusation of murder against a general officer. The brigadier general, who is currently serving a tour of duty in the Pentagon, has been accused by helicopter pilots and some of those who flew with him of murdering perhaps six Vietnamese in Quang Ngai province late in 1968. The officer in question, a West Point graduate, was an infantry brigade commander at the time; he was supposedly scouting the area in his Huey command helicopter when he did the shooting, taking potshots at Vietnamese peasants on the ground below. He has admitted the killings in private, making a fine distinction between innocent civilians and possible Communists by saying he shot those who "took evasive action" as his chopper whirled overhead.

The decision as to how to proceed with the general's case now rests with the Army's Chief of Staff, General William Westmoreland, and Secretary of the Army Stanley Resor. If they choose to have charges preferred, the general will undergo an investigation under Article 32 of the Uniform Code of Military Justice, the military equivalent of a grand jury inquiry. This would consist of a formal investigation, conducted by a superior officer of the accused general, who in turn would be permitted to cross-examine. If there is sufficient evidence, the military would then proceed with a court-martial. In the wake of the Calley verdict, it is unlikely that the Government will look the other way, despite the stars on the officer's shoulders.

## How to Grab the Brain Child

*He can be kept blindfolded, and participants can wear stocking masks & disguise their voices. Grabbing our angel would involve 2 or 3 mos. discreet work. I would imagine that he would have devices in his car to call for police assistance at the slightest danger. The thing to do is find out where he goes for weekends, or where he shacks up—if he shacks up.*

ACCORDING to the Justice Department, those are the words of Roman Catholic Priest Philip Berrigan in a letter to Sister Elizabeth McAlister about a plan to kidnap Henry Kissinger, the President's national security adviser. The full letter and another the Government contends was written by Sister Elizabeth to Father Berrigan were released last week as part of new indictments issued against the pair by a federal grand jury in Harrisburg, Pa. The new indictments, replacing ones issued in January, dropped Berrigan's brother Daniel, who is also a priest, from a list of nondefendant co-conspirators but increased the number of persons charged with conspiracy in the case from the original six to eight.\*

In the rewriting of the indictments after questioning more people, the grand jury added charges that the group also conspired to steal and destroy Selective Service records and that some of the members last year had "committed depredations" against draft board offices in Philadelphia and Delaware and had vandalized a draft office in Rochester, N.Y. The original charges of conspiring to kidnap Kissinger and to blow up heating tunnels for Government buildings in Washington were retained.

**Citizen's Arrest.** The release of the letters disclosed much of the Government's case. It contends that at least ten letters were exchanged between Philip Berrigan and Sister Elizabeth be-

tween May 24 and Aug. 22, 1970, while Berrigan was in the U.S. Penitentiary at Lewisburg, Pa., serving a sentence for destroying draft records at Catonsville and Baltimore, Md. The two, as well as Eghal Ahmad, are charged with sending these letters in and out of the prison. The actual smuggling of the correspondence, however, is not charged, presumably because he cooperated in giving copies of the letters to the FBI.

The letters, if they are authentic, indicate that Sister Elizabeth wrote to Berrigan "in utter confidence" on Aug. 20, 1970, that she had attended a meeting in Connecticut at which a plan "to kidnap—in our terminology make a citizen's arrest of—someone like Henry Kissinger" was discussed. He was picked "because of his influence as policymaker yet sans Cabinet status, he would not be as much protected as one of the bigger wigs," and because "he is a bachelor, which would mean if he were so guarded, he would be anxious to have unguarded moments where he could carry on his private affairs—literally & figuratively." The letter suggests that the plan was to hold Kissinger for about a week, perhaps kidnap



SISTER ELIZABETH

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LETTER FROM INDICTMENT  
A phenomenal impact on TV.



FATHER PHILIP

some other "bigwigs of liberal ilk," stage a mock political trial, film it—and then release everyone and deliver the film to the television stations. "The impact of such a thing would be phenomenal," the letter says.

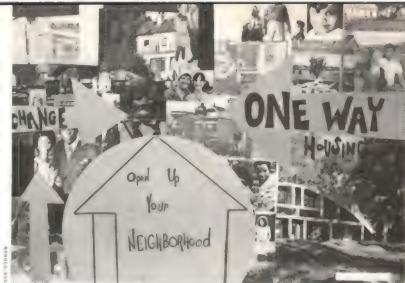
The kidnapers, according to the letter, would also demand the end of B-52 bombing in Indochina and the release of "political prisoners" held in U.S. jails, apparently a reference to youths convicted of draft evasion and crimes related to radical activities. The letter indicates that the writer had no illusions that the demands would be met. But if the plot were not attempted, it said, someone else might do it "badly," and it would "end in fiasco or violence & killing."

**Passionate.** According to the Government, a reply by Father Berrigan termed the project "brilliant but grandiose." Kidnaping any more than just Kissinger, said this letter, would require too much manpower. Continued the letter: "Why not grab the Brain Child, treat him decently but tell him nothing of his fate—or tell him his fate hinges on release of [political] people or cessation of air strikes in Laos. Then have batteries of movement people—Brain Child blindfolded—engage him on policy. Get it filmed and recorded. One thing should be implanted in that pea brain—that respectable murderers like himself are no longer inviolable. And that if he doesn't work to humanize policy, the likes of him will be killed by less scrupulous people. Finally, that political prisoners are the best guarantee of his sweet skin's safety, and that he better get them out of jail."

The letter includes an ambiguous reference to the possibility that murder can flow from a political kidnaping and adds: "When I refer to murder, it is not to prohibit it absolutely... it is merely to observe that one has set the precedent, and that later on, when gov'm't resistance to this sort of thing stiffens, men will be killed."

The tone of the letters is warm. At one point, the Berrigan letter addresses Sister Elizabeth as "love," and the Government is known to possess other letters of a more passionate and poetic character. How did the Government get these letters? They were carried in and out of the prison by Boyd Douglas, 30, a prisoner serving time for passing bad checks, pointing a gun at an FBI agent, and violating his parole on a previous fraud conviction. Douglas was trusted enough by prison officials to be allowed to leave his cell daily to attend history and political science classes at Bucknell University, also in Lewisburg. Douglas charmed at least two coeds, told one he was dying of cancer and wanted to marry her to gain "six to twelve months of happiness." He even had an off-campus apartment, where he kept modish clothes. Douglas also asked to meet members of the campus peace movement, and they seemed to accept him. He became friendly, too, with Berrigan in the prison.

Douglas carried letters out of the pris-



CALIFORNIA TEEN-AGER'S VIEW OF HOUSING DILEMMA  
Maintaining the barriers against blacks.

on to Bucknell. Knowing that what he was doing was illegal, he protected himself by copying each letter he handled on a campus duplicating machine. The letters were in double envelopes. The outer envelope was addressed and mailed to acquaintances of Sister Elizabeth in New York, who then conveyed the inner envelope to the nun. Letters to Berrigan were handled similarly—mailed to Friends Douglas had made on the Bucknell campus. He picked them up from his friends, duplicated them, and normally also had coeds copy them into his course notebooks, which would be less conspicuous if prison guards searched him. He usually retained the originals and kept his own mimeographed copies in a briefcase, which he left either on campus or in the apartment of coed friends.

**No Violence.** One theory of how Douglas became an informer was that guards became suspicious that he might be carrying letters when they found a letter in Father Berrigan's cell. The FBI confronted Douglas, and he turned over his copies. He then proceeded to deliver future letters to the FBI. It seems likely, however, that the defense will contend that Douglas was not discovered passing the letters, but that he was planted at Bucknell by the FBI as an informer on campus radicals. So far, defense attorneys will only say, as did Leonard Boudin last week, that release of the letters "violates standards of fair procedure and rules of the court."

The Government contends that the letters are authentic. If so, a kidnap plot certainly was discussed, although it is also clear that no violence to Kissinger was planned. The notion of kidnaping Kissinger and grilling him while cameras grind and tunnel explosions provide a sonic background seems a fanciful and irrational exercise for well-educated clerics. But to the Government, at least, the matter is too serious to be dismissed as the surrealistic musings of excited crusaders.

## THE SUPREME COURT Votes Against the Poor

In its latest strict construction of the Constitution, the Supreme Court last week went a long way toward hindering the movement of blacks into white suburbs. It ruled that residents of a community may block public housing projects by voting them down. Although a disproportionate share of the poor are black, and public housing is often the only kind of decent suburban housing blacks can afford, the court saw nothing wrong with antihousing referendums. Mere economic discrimination, the court ruled in effect, is not unconstitutional.

The 5-to-3 decision was the second in two weeks that gave Southerners reason to charge that the Supreme Court is helping to perpetuate a dual standard of public policy on racial matters by pressing for integration in the South and not in the North. The first was a ruling that busing can be used to integrate schools if school officials have created segregated systems—as they have in much of the South. Northern schools, which are often segregated be-

STUDENT VIEW OF INTERRACIAL NEIGHBORHOODS



cause many are in racially homogeneous neighborhoods, are another matter, said the court. Last week's decision will make it more difficult to break up those neighborhood patterns and thus achieve a better racial balance in Northern schools.

**Devotion to Democracy.** At issue in the second case was the constitutionality of a California law requiring a referendum on all low-rent public housing projects before any land for the housing is acquired or construction started. In 1968, San Jose voters vetoed a city council decision to build 1,000 public housing units in predominantly white areas, and 41 welfare families claimed that this violated the equal protection clause of the 14th Amendment. A federal district court agreed. But Justice Hugo Black, writing for the Supreme Court majority, held that "referendums demonstrate devotion to democracy, not to bias, discrimination or prejudice." The California law, he added, does not rest on "distinctions based on race."

Justice Thurgood Marshall dissented. The law, he said, imposes "a substantial burden solely on the poor" in violation of the amendment. The Justice Department, which had argued with Southern lawyers against unlimited busing in the school case, lost again. This time its attorneys argued in behalf of the complaining welfare families.

The decision dismayed most proponents of public housing—to say nothing of construction-industry executives and labor-union officials. For public housing has become a large and profitable business. Housing authorities are now operating in 4,000 U.S. communities; supervising 865,000 low-income dwelling units for 2,800,000 residents. But eight states have referendum laws similar to California's. There is no longer any legal doubt that these laws may now be used to prevent new public projects. More such laws are expected to be passed.

**Sewers and Schools.** Even without a referendum, most low-rent projects incite angry debates as soon as a site is selected. Too many people, observes San Francisco Planning Consultant Larry Livingston, put public housing in the same category as "sewers and noisy schools"—everybody recognizes that you have to have them, but nobody wants to be next to them." Chicago Mayor Richard Daley contends that many of his city's large housing projects would not have been built if they had required voter approval. "We don't need referendums," he says. "We need understanding." Coincidentally, the decision was announced just as California was ending a "Fair Housing Week," which included a Los Angeles exhibit of art work expressing the attitudes of teen-aged students toward housing problems.

The court decision means that housing authority officials and the poor must now wage political campaigns to get each project approved. The trouble is, says M. Justin Herman, head of the San Francisco Redevelopment Agency, "they are not equipped to do it."

## THE ADMINISTRATION

### Return of a Texas Twister

In Richard Nixon's Washington, John Connally is a throwback to the Lyndonism. He chews the last bit of meat off his pork chops with both elbows on the table and sometimes speaks in the earthy parables of L.B.J.'s Pedernales folklore. Observing the shrewd, assertive style that Connally brought to Washington as Secretary of the Treasury, Alabama's Congressman George Andrews breathed a sigh of *déjà vu*: "You look very much like an arm twister. In fact, somebody said you look almost like his twin brother." Says Connally with an innocent smile: "I'm just an old country boy. I learned a long time ago, I'm not smart enough to be devious."

Being the house Democrat, albeit a conservative one, in Nixon's Cabinet has left Connally in a position of Byzantine ambiguity that even L.B.J.'s political godson may find complex. Undoubtedly ambitious for higher office, even the presidency, Connally continues to pay his dues as a Democrat and lunch with his party friends; recently he sent \$500 to a Democratic fund raising dinner. He has also blandly predicted that Nixon will be re-elected in 1972 and increasingly asserted himself as an aggressive defender of the G.O.P. Administration's economics, the issue that could determine the outcome of the 1972 presidential election.

**Self-Portrait.** In a speech before the U.S. Chamber of Commerce last week, Connally, without mentioning names, attacked such possible Democratic candidates as Edmund Muskie, Birch Bayh and George McGovern for their criticism of the President's planned tax cuts for business. There was some inadvertent humor in Connally's sneer at Democratic "aspirants for high office or politically oriented economists who were once close to power and long to return." Connally, as a protégé of L.B.J., Secretary of the Navy under John Kennedy and now one of the most forceful members of Nixon's Cabinet, might have been doodling a self-portrait.

As soon as the President announced Connally's appointment, politicians and columnists theorized that Nixon might dump Spiro Agnew from the 1972 G.O.P. ticket and name Connally in his place. A relatively conservative Texan, presumably Connally would not offend Agnew's followers. If the Republicans won, then Connally conceivably might find himself in 1976, at a presidentially mature 59, heading the G.O.P. national ticket. The idea is farfetched, although Connally may have indulged it in the privacy behind his hard, savvy eye.

**Texas Judo.** Nixon, of course, has many more immediate uses for Connally's talents. Although he has proved a quick study at his new job, Connally believes he can hire all the expertise he needs to help him run the Treasury. His larger assignment is to apply his particular form of Texas judo on direct or-

ders from the President, with whom he consults at least once a week. Says one White House aide: "He's going to be the best public relations man this Administration ever had."

Connally is actually a smoother, board-room version of Lyndon Johnson, more deliberative in style and, of course, lacking the patronage and power that L.B.J. commanded as President. His first mission for Nixon was to try to repair the damage done to Lockheed Aircraft's Tri-Star project when Rolls-Royce, the contractor for the plane's jet engine, announced bankruptcy. Connally discreetly bullied the British into propping up Rolls with funds, then turned to Lockheed. On Connally's advice, Lockheed's chairman of the board, Dan Haughton, traveled the nation organizing financial support from banks



CONNALLY & FED RESERVE'S ARTHUR BURNS  
Throwback to the Lyndonism.

and further orders from customers. "Tree all your possums at once, Dan," Connally counseled.

**Needle's Eye.** For all of Connally's efforts, however, the project cannot continue unless Congress agrees to underwrite \$250 million in financing for Lockheed. That lobbying job may tax the Secretary's persuasive powers—as he knows, having argued unsuccessfully for the SST. This week Connally is expected to recommend to the Government a guaranteed loan to Lockheed.

It is as broker in the Democratic Congress that Nixon counts on Connally. When it gets down to the bargaining stages, Connally will be trying to coax the President's revenue-sharing program past the opposition of Wilbur Mills, chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee, a task that may prove to be the equivalent of ramming a copy of the federal budget through the eye of a needle. Connally has also taken over as a chief salesman of Nixon's Government-reorganization program.

Connally's entrance into Nixonian



Washington three months ago left both Republicans and Democrats startled and bemused by his aggressive talents. Said an old Texas friend: "He's not going to run the Treasury, he's going to run the Government." Since then, he has learned that the waters do not always part at his bidding. For example, Connally has been forced into a two month war of attrition with the White House staff to find an acceptable new Internal Revenue Service chief.

But even such intramural controversies leave Connally, a tough and single-minded man, with blood in his eye and, as far as anyone knows, an undiminished if unspoken ambition. After a Democratic Party dinner for Connally last March, a former Cabinet member whispered to an old colleague from the L.B.J. White House: "Can this country stand another Lyndon Johnson?"

built a large fund of credibility even among his targets. Last week TIME Correspondent Hays Gorey caught up with Nader at the U.S. Air Force Academy, Colorado Springs, where he was addressing the student body. In an interview rare for its direction, Gorey spoke with Nader at length about his life, his motivations and his work.

**Natural Rebel.** Says Nader: "Well, everything begins with the parents. It has to be because of them that I have never felt pressured by the existing status symbols. Actually I had a casual upbringing. What my parents taught, they taught inductively. They knew it was natural for children to rebel. So they didn't talk at us or particularly to us. Just around us, and we listened. They came here [from Lebanon] to be in a land of justice, and they saw justice declining."

The concept of beleaguered justice

form goal that is noninstitutional [not dependent on institutional power, corporate or government]. In this country we long ago perfected ways to give representation and help to the special interests. Now we need to concentrate on how to help the nonspecial interests.

"Something else that's important: I think we're showing that people can develop independent powers of persuasion. And six years ago, there really were no independent sources of reliable information outside the Government and industry. Now you have several. Bob Choate—the one who disclosed the low nutritional value of breakfast cereals—is one. I think we've had something to do with things like that."

**Not to Be Loved.** Nader's gift is not one of personal mien. His narrow-lapelled, ever rumpled suits and too-short sideburns make no concession to the generally young, liberal audience he addresses. What Nader radiates is pure purpose, an almost fanatical sincerity. He asks nothing for himself, financially or politically, and is virtually monastic in his private life. Though he earns more than \$100,000 a year in honorariums, he lives on less than \$5,000 in one room of a boardinghouse, minus a car and television. The rest of the money goes into his investigations.

Isn't this ascetic existence carrying things a bit too far? "Dollars have never been the prime thing," Nader says. "It's always been boring to think about money. What we're doing is getting along on the sheer power of the idea: the idea of more justice for, and less exploitation of, the ordinary individual."

"If you want to be loved, you'll be co-opted. People often ask me how I choose people to work with me. Well, you start off by saying they have to be bright, hard-working, the usual traits. But the one key probably is how willing they are not to be loved. We've had raiders who will start off on an investigation, say, of the Food and Drug Administration, and after a while one or two come back and say the people over there were so nice to them that they just can't write reports that are critical."

How can he detect someone anxious to be loved before hiring him? "You can't. But there's no problem of easing them out. They ease themselves out. They can't perform."

**To Love.** But can Nader be so harsh, almost unfeeling in his dedication? Just as it begins to appear so, he sits back and muses: "It's more important to love than to want to be loved. What would happen to me if I went out to Jim Roche's [chairman of the board of General Motors] house to dinner, for instance? Well, pretty soon it's Ralph and Jim, and pretty soon there's a report coming out on G.M., and someone says, 'You know you can't do this to Jim. Remember those great dinners at his house. Not to good old Jim.' Well, there it is—the most important quality for this kind of work is to have no anxiety to be loved."



NADER SPEAKING AT MINNESOTA'S ST. CLOUD STATE COLLEGE  
Creating a new professional citizen role.

## CONSUMERISM

### Nader on Nader

Ralph Nader may have discovered perpetual motion. Now in his sixth year as the nation's foremost consumer champion, he is busier than ever, speaking on campuses, recruiting raiders and issuing reports. In recent months Nader and his associates have released studies on pollution of the Savannah River, the condition of nursing homes, and nationwide water pollution. Two investigations have resulted in books: *One Life, One Physician and What to Do—An Action Manual for Lemon Owners*. Forthcoming, among other things, are reports on occupational health and safety, the antitrust division of the Department of Justice, and California land policy. Though at first Nader's charges often seemed extreme and wildly exaggerated, he has so often been right and so seldom off base that he has

has remained with Nader ever since. At age four, he used to listen to lawyers argue cases at the courthouse in Winsted, Conn., where his father runs a restaurant and bakery. By age eight, he conceived of the lawyer as a defender of the people, and determined to be one. "But when I really decided what I wanted to do," he recalls, "was when I was at Harvard Law School. All the courses trained us how to defend corporations. I wondered where the lawyers for the ordinary people were being trained, and discovered that they weren't."

The ideas took time to mature and more time to put into effect, but Nader has been unerring in his dedication to his original precepts. "You know, a lot of people just don't care what's being done to them. Others do care and ask, 'What can I do?' We are living the answer. We are creating a new professional citizen role. We are developing a re-



THE FABLES AND FOIBLES OF NUMBER ONE

## The John Hertz fiasco that revolutionized vacation travel.



ONE day in 1927, John Hertz had a brainstorm.

He decided to rent cars at vacation resorts. "Vacationers are looking for fun," he said. "We'll rent them cars like hot cakes."

Counting his chickens, he set up shop at a popular resort in California.

Months went by without a rental.

"What's going on out there?" Hertz muttered, packing for California.

It didn't take him long to find out. The vacationers were driving their own cars.

"There's only one solution," Hertz said. "Make them leave their cars at home."

The next day, they say, he wrote the first Hertz ad ever.

"Take a train," it said. "And rent a Ford from Hertz when you get there."

It was the dawn of a new day in vacations.

Today it's airplanes instead of trains.

But John Hertz's idea of renting a car when you get there hasn't changed.

That's why you'll find a Hertz

office at every airport you're apt to fly to. And why we give maps and travel brochures. And why we have special Hertz vacation rates that make our quiet Fords and other new cars easy to afford.

It's part of what made us number 1 back in the days of John Hertz.

It's part of what keeps us number 1 today.



YOU DON'T JUST RENT A CAR YOU RENT A COMPANY

**What a good time  
for all the good things of a Kent.**



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THE FAMOUS MICRONITE® FILTER*

Mild, smooth taste. King Size or 100's

## THE AGE OF TOUCHINESS

*A proper image is a matter of civil rights.*

—P. Vincent Landi  
Italian-American spokesman

TO history's roster of metaphysicians must now be added the Italian-American Civil Rights League. By a bloodless coup—metaphysics instead of machine guns—the league recently declared: The Mafia doesn't exist. In effect, the league lined Cosa Nostra up against the wall and stared right through it.

The simplicity, the purity of the idea has proven irresistible. After being picketed and besieged by mail, the Justice Department became the league's first convert. Attorney General John Mitchell agreed to deport the Mafia—as a word, that is. In a confidential memo the Mitchell kiss of death was to be reserved not for the Mob, but for all Justice Department employees who used the terms Mafia and Cosa Nostra officially. The league subsequently persuaded the film makers of *The Godfather*, which is about practically nothing but the Mafia, to excise the hated term from their screenplay. That was a feat roughly comparable to composing a history of World War II without mentioning Nazis.

Behind the "don't-mention-Mafia" campaign, behind the talk about promoting an "image of law-abiding Americans," are two intriguing social forces. One, breathing heavily, is a positive lust for respectability. The irony is that the men of the Mafia, for reasons of camouflage, have arrived at the life-style of the Man in the Gray Flannel Suit. But the double irony is that propriety has now become its own parody. While the children of the league labor to prove how sober, hard-working, puritanical they are, the children of the Mayflower, dressed in a travesty of the 1930s' Italian-gangster wardrobe, are straining twice as hard (from Swiss ski lodges to Caribbean beaches) to prove they are, at heart, impulsive Latin playboys.

The other and more significant force is a new style of sensitivity or perhaps paranoia. It is best articulated by Comedian Flip Wilson. In his familiar television routine, a dialogue is going famously, fairly humming with jolly good will. Then the other party touches. Flip—a friendly clap on the shoulder, a matey hand on the sleeve, Wilson recoils like a Prussian who has been slapped. An expression of non-negotiable hostility does a slow freeze across his face. In a rising falsetto he cries: "Don't touch me! Don't you ever touch me!" Wilson is not just self-mocking the compulsive suspicion of a black being pushed around again in a white world. In the last analysis, with his quite-literal touchiness, Flip is standing in for most of us.

This seems to be both the Age of

Touchiness and the Age of the Beleaguered Minority. Blacks. Jews. Jehovah's Witnesses. Women. The Very Young. The Very Old. Homosexuals. Suburbanites. People from Philadelphia. Who does not qualify? Never have Americans been so willfully aware of belonging to one minority or another, never have they been so defensive and so belligerent about it. Not a day passes but new and ever touchier minorities surface.

Feeling oppressed, in fact, has become something of a national sport with its own succinct rules. A posture of unequivocal outrage is *de rigeur*. An oppressed minority need not include in its title the lawyer-thrilling term

NEC-17



COMEDIAN FLIP WILSON

anti-defamation league. But it helps, especially at the top of the stationery when one writes letters to the New York Times. The decisive moment of victory in the game is not when an oppressed minority gets off the defensive but when it puts everybody else on the defensive. When, like the Italians with their anti-Mafia crusade, it makes others not only act but talk and think the way it wants them to.

At that point, of course, the oppressed minority becomes an oppressive minority—and there is no escape. The Italian Americans dare make no jokes about homosexuals; the p.r. men for the Gay Liberation Front have their stationery drawn and ready. And if the G.L.F. knows what is good for it, it will make no nasty cracks about those Oriental actors who recently accused Broadway of discriminating against them.

Minorities in the U.S. are, of course,

As his favorite character, Geraldine.

oppressed and persecuted. But to define this reality in terms of "image," to argue that the use of familiar words describing familiar facts constitutes "persecution," only trivializes the ideals of equality and social justice. When touchy minorities turn hypersensitive and overreact to ethnic slights (some real, some imaginary), they succeed only in transforming tolerance into a subtle new form of hypocrisy, more mouthed piety than reform of the heart.

Does it really serve truth to pretend that Italians have had no connection with the Mafia? And what difference does it make if they did? It is obvious to the point of boredom that, despite this connection, the vast majority of Italian Americans are law-abiding citizens. What is gained by pretending that Jews and blacks and Armenians are not different from one another, or that they lack racial and ethnic characteristics? What cause is helped when oppressive minorities declare that only black comics can tell jokes about blacks, or only Jews jokes about Jews? The babble of competing minorities drowns out the legitimate cries of agony. The cancer victims of American society are put in danger of taking their place in line behind the poison ivy cases.

It may be time for a new oppressed minority to arise against the other oppressed minorities: the Nader's Raiders of ethnicity, blowing the whistle on narrow aims and self-serving performances. To measure the dead-end futility of the touchiness game, one must imagine the final absurdity. The year is 2000, and a new oppressed minority has surfaced. Chapters are formed, stationery is bought. Letters are typed to the New York Times:

To the Editor:

A racial cliché damaging to our minority image has led its way into the American mind. In films, in plays, in novels, the white Anglo-Saxon Protestant is consistently portrayed as an elderly, square parent-type, a money-oriented materialist who cares more about his electromobile than his wife and children.

This vicious stereotype has nothing to do with the facts. You should be leading the media in correcting this subtle act of bigotry. Instead, within the past two months, you have used a pejorative name—an insect's name!—13 times in stories dealing with our minority.

We are making every effort to remain nonviolent. But our patience is being exhausted. You have been warned. Don't call us WASP. Don't you ever call us WASP.

Yours sincerely,  
The Order of the Sons of  
England in America

—Melvin Maddocks



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Over all kinds of roads. Which helps assure that you'll get the mileage that's built into every Atlas Plycron 2 *plus* 2 tire.



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## THE WORLD

# Indochina: A Generation of Refugees

THE abbreviated Teletype messages dribble endlessly into offices in Saigon, printing out the cold statistics of blood and violence. At times the tempo is feverish, at times sluggish:

22 APRIL 71 2300 HRS. TAN LONG HAMLET, NHON AN VILLAGE, AN NHON DISTRICT, UNKNOWN NO. VC (VIET CONG) INFILTRATED HAMLET, KILLED TWO CIV AND KIDNAPED THE HAMLET CHIEF AND HIS WIFE.

24 APRIL 71 0800 HRS. CAI SON AGROVILLE, PHONG PHU VILLAGE, BINH DINH DISTRICT. VC ATTACKED RECEPTION CENTER OF REFUGEES FROM CAMBODIA, KILLING 3 CADRES, 4 ARVN, WOUNDING 3 CADRES AND 11 REFUGEES.

SAIGON, MAY 1 (AP)—US B-52 BOMBERS FLEW MISSIONS IN SOUTH VIET NAM'S NORTHERN SECTOR FOR THE THIRD STRAIGHT DAY, AIMING BOMB DROPS AT DIRT ROADS AND TRAILS USED BY THE ENEMY. FOUR FLIGHTS OF THE EIGHT-ENGINE JETS, A TOTAL OF 12 PLANES, UNLOADED 360 TONS OF EXPLOSIVES...

These relentless bulletins are part of a chronicle of immense human suffering caused, with a hammer-and-anvil effect, by both Viet Cong terrorism and U.S. firepower. The victim of that disaster is the civilian population, all too easily overlooked amid the concern for American and South Vietnamese military casualties. In the process, millions of civilians, the innocent and largely silent

victims, have been killed, injured or rendered homeless. In South Viet Nam alone, there have been an estimated 1,050,000 civilian casualties, including 325,000 dead, since 1965. Reliable figures on civilian losses are not available for Cambodia, but it is estimated that 10,000 Laotian civilians have been killed and 20,000 injured since the heavy air war over Laos began in early 1969.

Of the survivors, vast numbers displaced by the terror and the bombs have moved to special camps or have taken refuge in the filthy shantytowns of cardboard and corrugated tin that embrace the outskirts of all the major cities. A few find ways to earn a little money, although jobs are harder to find now that the G.I.s are leaving Viet Nam. Most are merely waiting for the chance to go home.

The war's most ubiquitous—and most poignant—victims are the children (see color pages). Some are orphaned, some maimed, some merely lost. Only 50% attend the first three grades in school. A professor at Saigon University remarks, "When I was growing up, the rice fields were full of herons and cranes. These are things I can never show my children." Denied their traditional birthright, many of Viet Nam's youngsters are spending their childhood cooped up in cities that have become seemingly permanent bomb shelters.

**Rise of Urbanization.** Nobody knows for certain how many refugees there are, but it is generally believed that about one-third of the 27 million peo-

ple who live in Indochina have been driven from their homes.

► In South Viet Nam, according to Senator Edward Kennedy's Judiciary Subcommittee on Refugees, which has been investigating the problem since 1965, the total number of refugees has reached 6,000,000.

► In Laos (pop. 3,000,000), some 700,000 people have been displaced since 1962. Many fled from their homes last year when North Vietnamese and Pathet Lao forces recaptured the Plain of Jars after ten days of fighting. Others have been driven from their villages by U.S. bombs. The terror of the Laotian bombings has been reflected in a series of refugees' drawings collected by Fred Branfman, formerly of the International Voluntary Services (see page 25).

► In Cambodia, the refugee problem is less severe because the war there is scarcely a year old. The population of Phnom-Penh, the capital, has grown by 400,000, but the city has absorbed them gracefully. "The refugee problem hasn't surfaced yet," says a Western diplomat. "Give it another year." Moreover, since far less land is owned by absentee landlords than in Viet Nam, the average Cambodian peasant is less apt to leave it in moments of stress, and more anxious to return to it when the fighting eases. Cambodia's most serious refugee problem has been the plight of the ethnic Vietnamese, who became the target of war-inflamed hatred last year. About 200,000 have been repatriated to Viet Nam; tens of thousands of others remain in fetid camps in Cambodia.

The reasons for the massive displacement of civilians have been debated as heatedly as any of the basic tenets of the war. U.S. officials maintain that most of the problem in Viet Nam was created by the Tet offensive of 1968 and other Viet Cong harassment of innocent villagers. U.S. antiwar groups insist with equal fervor that the problem has been created solely by American policies and bombs. Both sides in the bitter struggle have played a role in turning a proud, independent rural people into a displaced urban population, and the process is far from over.

**Free-Fire Zones.** The nature of the guerrilla war precipitated the displacement of civilians as legitimate targets and the murder of innocent peasants as ideologically justified. "It is better to kill ten innocent persons," according to a Radio Hanoi slogan, "than to let one guilty person escape." Countless peasants fled their homes to escape terrorism. U.S. military power accel-



VIETNAMESE MOTHER & CHILDREN ESCAPING BOMBARDMENT (1969)  
*Between the anvil and the hammer.*



Wounded young Vietnamese girl at Quaker center in Quang Ngai.



Refugee Vietnamese children from Cambodia in camp at Binh Thuy.

Mine explosion victim at rehabilitation center.

Baby at orphanage in Can Tho.





Undernourished child at Quang Ngai provincial hospital.

Montagnard mother and child at resettlement camp.





Boys pitching coins at Tay Loc orphanage in Huế.

Street child in Thua Thien province.



Youngsters rummaging through garbage can in Saigon.





*A 33-year-old woman: "Every day and night the planes dropped bombs on us until there were no houses at all. The*

*cows and buffalo were dead, and you could see only the red ground. I think of this time and still I am afraid."*

erated the process. In adapting traditional weaponry to guerrilla warfare, military strategists placed heavy reliance on body counts and too little emphasis on the lives of innocent civilians.

Vast areas of Indochina beyond the urban centers are "free-fire zones," where any moving person can be fair game. In the late 1960s, brigade-size units regularly crunched through the countryside on search-and-destroy missions; during the same period, artillery laced patterns of "H & I" (harassment and interdiction) fire from dusk until dawn, throwing tons of shells at village crossroads that night—or might not—be used as routes for infiltration. Bombs still fall from unseen planes without warning; some inevitably land in the wrong place, others in the right place but on the wrong people. Bureaucratic demands for a show of allied progress on the basis of "hamlet-evaluation systems" have sometimes encouraged officials to evacuate villages unnecessarily. In early April, 650 people were removed from a Viet Cong-controlled valley south of Quang Ngai city. A U.S. senior adviser subsequently charged that the real motive behind the exercise was not a military need but a desire to eliminate the "V"-rated (Viet Cong-controlled) hamlets and thus improve the overall rating of Quang Ngai province.

**Children of War.** The streets of Saigon contain an incredible panoply of Hieronymus Bosch figures—limbless veterans stumping about in camouflaged fatigues; hideously napalmed women nursing children on the sidewalks; deaf-mute prostitutes selling their wares in sign language; and lepers holding hats in gnarled, swollen hands. But few are

more poignant than the ever-present "street children."

By day, these Asian Oliver Twists scratch out a living by pimping and peddling drugs to American G.I.s, stealing the watches and shining the shoes of American civilians, and always trying—but not always succeeding—in keeping a footfall ahead of the police. By night, they make a bed out of a door stoop, windowsill or car seat, with a discarded magazine under their heads and an army poncho for cover.

Most of their parents are dead, the victims of bullets and bombs. Some of the street kids are the illegitimate offspring of American G.I.s (unlike the French government, the U.S. has never

provided aid for such children or their mothers). The street kids are among the most innocent of the war's victims, and the most neglected. One of the few people who have tried to give them a roof and a purpose is Richard Hughes, an ex-actor from Boston, who has created five "project homes" for them.

**How Many Tears?** Each boy's life story is a vignette of the war. Hua Ket, 12, survived an attack on his village by U.S. planes because he was playing in a distant field; an old woman sent him to Saigon, and for three years he shined shoes and slept on the streets until he moved to Hughes' "Hope 5" hostel. After his father was killed by the Viet Cong, Nguyen Van Thanh, 12, ran away from his village and met a bar girl who brought him to Saigon; there he ran away again and moved to the streets. When Son ("Mountain") was eight, his mother left him in an orphanage and disappeared to the U.S. with his father. He disliked the orphanage, partly because of the harsh treatment and partly because of an air strike by U.S. planes that were trying to bomb a Viet Cong stronghold. Finally Son ran away and collected enough money by begging to buy a bus ticket to Saigon.

Hughes has succeeded in helping many of his young charges, but failed with others. One boy, after attempting suicide at the age of 13, was killed in an accident two years later. In his pocket his friends found a one-piaster note on which he had written "How many tears, how many drops of sweat?" Of the 200 kids to whom Hughes has given refuge in the past year, no fewer than 15 have committed suicide.

The war has had an equally brutalizing effect on the young girls of Viet Nam. For them, marriage is an increasingly unattainable goal; families and clans have been scattered, eligible young men have been killed or are away at war. In the chaos of war and relocation, tens of thousands of girls have



*A 15-year-old boy: "My uncle was hurt when the airplanes shot him. My aunt helped him apply medicine, but*

*they feared he would die, and this led to the shedding of tears. They were always afraid of being hit by planes."*

gone to the cities to become prostitutes, often lured by newspaper ads promising money, English-language lessons and good times to those who become bar "hostesses." An astonishing number of Viet Nam's 300,000 whores tell the same story: they live in fear that their family will find out the truth about the "city job" that pays far more than their parents ever earned.

The effect of war on Viet Nam's preadolescents is just as devastating. The records of Saigon's Center for Plastic and Reconstructive Surgery are full of case histories of childhood gone awry. A 13-year-old named Truc was running in the fields outside Nha Trang when he stumbled upon a fountain pen. Shouting to his friends, he placed the pen in his mouth and bit into it; it turned out to be a Chinese-made plastic bomb that destroyed half his face. Similarly, a 15-year-old named An was raiding a garbage heap at the U.S. airbase at Tay Hoa when he set off a mine that blew off both his legs.

The center has operated on some 3,000 children burned by napalm, white phosphorus ("Willie Pete" to the G.I.s) or the highly flammable JP4 jet fuel that sometimes finds its way to the local black market as cooking fuel. Earlier this year, its doctors treated a 15-year-old girl whose hands had been cruelly burned by an incendiary bomb years before. "I'm convinced," says the hospital's Dr. John Champlin, "that out in the bushes there are many people who'll come in after the war. We haven't hit 20% of the injuries yet."

**Beginning of Debate.** There is also the question of how many may have suffered genetic damage from the herbicides used in defoliation. A cause-and-effect relationship has not been proved. But, says Champlin, "I do not know a doctor in this country who doesn't think there is a higher incidence of birth defects in this generation than the last and who doesn't attribute it to the use of herbicides."

The U.S. experience in Viet Nam

has proved that, if guerrilla wars are to be fought at all, new ways must be devised to protect the innocent. The subject has not attracted noticeable attention in any of the Communist countries that sponsor terrorism (see page 28), but it is causing considerable concern in a U.S. shaken by the disclosures of My Lai and the general effect of the war on the Vietnamese populace. As a first step, Senator Kennedy recommended last week that the President create a military-practices review board that would advise the Joint Chiefs of Staff. Said Kennedy: "There continues to be a vast gap between the official policy of our Government and the performance in the field. We must resolve that what has been done in Indochina in America's name will never happen again." The subcommittee's hearings may well represent the beginning of a national debate that will last as long as U.S. soldiers are fighting in Indochina and until the last refugee has been resettled.

## The Agony of Going Home

*For most of South Viet Nam's displaced population, rehabilitation is years away, but a few have gone home already under the government's "return to village" project. TIME Correspondent Jonathan Larsen visited two settlements in Quang Nam province last week. His report:*

**T**HE narrow northern end of South Viet Nam once had the ethereal beauty of a Chinese scroll. The Annamese mountain chain sloped and plunged from the Laotian border eastward into the tight flatiron plains that hugged the coast, generating white water rivers and misty waterfalls. Woodcutters prowled the thick jungle at will looking for hardwood cinnamon; hunters tracked bear and rabbit, and farmers tilled neat, geometric rice paddies in the rich lap of the foothills.

Now that idyllic landscape has become one of the major battlefields of the longest war in American history. The mountain jungles have been cratered and burned and sprayed; the woodcutters and hunters have fled. The farmers have been driven east, their villages leveled and their fields scorched and abandoned. The people of Quang Nam province, once scattered like seed across the land, are now huddled together along the shoulders of new cement roads in huts made from U.S. artillery crates.

At Thanh Tay, 7,000 refugees are crowded into an area hardly big enough for a dozen water buffalo. Thanh Tay is known as a "temporary resettlement camp," but it has been in use since 1965, when the fishing village of Cam Hai was overrun by the Viet Cong. Its people now live in four long, tin-roofed sheds, in cubicles divided off like horse stalls: six to ten people occupy each stall. Ironically, peace has already returned to their former village, but their houses are occupied by the 2nd Korean Brigade, so the refugees will not be able to go home until the soldiers leave.

In stark contrast to Thanh Tay, Phu Loc is a model return-to-village project. Its 200 families came back last April after spending several years as unregistered refugees. In earlier times, Phu Loc was a prosperous hamlet of brick houses on some of Quang Nam's richest river land. Besides raising rice and corn, the farmers had their lucrative silk industry.

The new houses of Phu Loc are made of artillery crates laid out in rigidly straight lines and bunched together for security. In 1965, the area was completely burned by Amer-



TIN-ROOFED SHACKS OF PHU LOC

ican bombs because the land was too rich to leave to the Communists. Today not a single tree or bamboo shoot grows there. Asked what he missed most from earlier times, the village chief replied: "The jack-fruit trees and the bamboo. They gave us wood, fruit and shade. Now it will take at least five years for the trees to grow back."

The area is only marginally secure. The village is fortified like a cavalry compound in the old American West. Women and children venture beyond the village perimeters only by day, and then with care. "When the Americans were still here, the government cadre could go all the way to the river," the chief recalled. "Now they can go only halfway." Future security, he said, would depend on regular government-troop operations. "If they have enough troops to make those operations, we will be safe. If they do not, we will be in trouble."

Nonetheless, the people of Phu Loc are better off than most of their former neighbors; it will take years and perhaps decades to bring back all of Quang Nam's refugees. Even then, one wonders about the people. Squatting in their refugee camps with little gainful employment, thrown into an urban environment they can hardly understand or cope with, many have lost their grip on their traditions and values. The land will mend, but what of the social fabric? In some places it is already tattered beyond repair, and the longer those millions of refugees stay cooped up in their tin sheds, the more the fabric will unravel.

## CAMBODIA

### And Now There Are Nine

Like any good reporter, U.P.I. correspondent Catherine M. Webb wanted to phone in the news. Emerging from the jungle along Cambodia's embattled Highway 4, the pretty New Zealander and five companions flagged down a Cambodian military vehicle and rode to a town 25 miles southwest of Phnom-Penh. There, Kate Webb—missing for 24 days and widely presumed dead—rang up U.P.I.'s office in the capital and told her startled and relieved colleagues that she was "alive and well."

On April 7, Kate, a Japanese cameraman, a Cambodian photographer and three Cambodian assistants vanished while covering some fierce fighting on Highway 4. Nine days later, Cambodian troops in the area found the bullet-torn and decomposing body of a Caucasian woman in a shallow grave; their discovery seemed to confirm fears that Kate had become the tenth journalist to die in Cambodia since the war spread there last spring (TIME, May 3).

Cornered the day after a Cambodian position they were visiting had been overrun, Webb and her companions were held by the Communists for three weeks in hideouts in the Elephant mountains southwest of Phnom-Penh. On the whole, she reported, the Communists "treated us well." No one knows just why she was freed. No one may ever know the identity of the woman in the shallow grave. Following usual Cambodian army practice, the body was cremated on the spot.

## SOUTH KOREA

### Landslide for Stone Face

South Korean President Chung Hee Park, 54, was so certain of victory in his bid for a third four-year term that while the vote was still being counted he journeyed to central Korea to give thanks at the shrine of the great 16th century Korean admiral, Yi Sun Sin. He was not being foolishly overconfident. When all the ballots had been tabulated, "Stone Face"—as the smiling Park is popularly known—had defeated his flamboyant opponent, Dae Jung Kim, 46, by 947,000 votes.

**Corruption Charges.** Despite the landslide, it was the hardest-fought election in South Korea's postwar history. The challenger, a newspaper publisher turned politician who has been elected to the National Assembly three times, excited Korean voters with his flair for baby kissing, dramatic rhetoric, mudslinging, and boundless ability to concoct campaign promises. Kim zeroed in on the corruption that plagues the regime. "More than 300 of Park's top men have made up to \$100 million each under his rule!" he cried. "As long as President Park remains in power, corruption will not be rooted out of Korea."

Park, a scrupulously honest man who



PARK & WIFE CAMPAIGNING  
Shiny tiles for every roof.

has led an almost spartan existence while in office, has been unable to control corruption in his regime. At least one Cabinet minister and about two dozen top officials of his ruling Democratic Republican Party have been living in an exotic residential area that local newspapers called a "thieves' town." All Park could do was force them to give up their luxurious apartments. In his humorless campaign speeches, Park concentrated on the country's security problems. He quashed the idea of dealing with the North in the foreseeable future. Instead, he insisted that North Korea was poised for another attack on the South. "The situation is reminiscent of the eve of the Korean War," he said. Park also pointed to the great economic gains made during his regime. In the last ten years, South Korea's per capita income has more than tripled (to \$223), the G.N.P. has soared from \$1.8 billion to \$7.2 billion. He called for more hard work under a new five-year economic program. He promised: "By the end of the forthcoming economic plan, every straw-thatched home in Korea will have its roof replaced by shiny tiles."

**Changing Situation.** As nearly 80% of the country's 15.5 million eligible voters went to the polls, South Korea's fear of the North probably proved the decisive factor. That fear has grown since the advent of the Nixon Doctrine, under which the U.S. has already withdrawn 20,000 of its 64,000 troops; South Korean soldiers now stand guard along the entire 155-mile Demilitarized Zone. To soften the impact of the U.S. withdrawals, Washington has promised the South Koreans \$315 million annually over the next five years in aid and equipment to modernize the obsolete weaponry used by ROK (Republic of Korea) forces. South Korean pilots are already flying a new squadron of Phantoms, and a plant is being built to manufacture M-16 rifles. But the South Koreans, who have made anti-Communism into a state religion, have been further

upset by the possibility of a diplomatic thaw between the U.S. and China. Most South Korean voters felt that Park was best prepared to cope with the changing situation.

## SOUTH AFRICA

### Apartheid Television

*Ach, nun, can't you see what'll happen? It's afternoon. The kaffir's in the living room on his hands and knees sweeping the carpet. Someone's left the television on. He looks up at the screen. He sees a chorus line of white girls with scanty costumes. What does he do? Of course, he runs upstairs and rapes the madam.*

So go the oft-expressed racial fears of the stern Calvinist Afrikaner society, which for years has successfully resisted the introduction of "the little bioscope," as TV is called in South Africa. Their chief anti-TV spokesman, Former Minister of Posts and Telegraphs Dr. Albert Hertzog, has even claimed that TV is "a deadly weapon" that has been used to "undermine the morale of the white man and even to destroy great empires." But when the walk on the moon by Astronauts Armstrong and Aldrin was witnessed by most of the world on television in 1969, South Africa's populace began demanding a look at TV sets of their own. Last week Premier John Vorster's government finally approved, in principle, a new plan that will bring TV to South Africa in about four years.

According to the government proposal, South African television will be under the strict control of the Ministry of National Education. There will be separate channels for South Africa's two major racial groups. One channel will carry only "white" programs and will be aimed at whites, Asians and "Coloreds" of mixed blood. The other channel will be TV-Bantu, and will carry programs intended for black viewers. Even in technical terms, black and white will never meet on TV—all transmission will be in color.



INDONESIAN SEPARATISTS MARCHING IN THE NETHERLANDS

## The Trade in Troublemaking

**W**HEN Ceylon's leftist government was recently confronted with a massive insurrection by a group of Maoist dissidents known as the People's Liberation Front, it clamped down immediately on one important source of the trouble: it accused the North Korean embassy in Colombo of complicity in the uprising, ordered the embassy closed, and expelled 18 North Korean diplomats. By last week, after a month of fighting throughout the island, several hundred Ceylonese were dead, but the government was slowly gaining an upper hand against the insurgents.

The involvement of the North Koreans in the Ceylon insurrection dramatized the extent to which guerrilla training has become an international activity. Today, with the help of a foreign "scholarship" and perhaps a forged passport, a young, aspiring revolutionary from any of several dozen countries may travel halfway round the world to learn the use of rifles and machine guns, the making of Molotov cocktails and the art of political kidnapping. Then, after several months or even years of training, he returns to his home country to put his education into practice.

Almost every region of the world can qualify today as either a target of terrorists or a training ground. Even the tranquil fields of The Netherlands have served as a mock battlefield for a group of Indonesian separatists seeking independence for the South Moluccas Islands; Basque nationalists train secretly in northern Spain and southwestern France. Many countries dabble in terrorism, but five in particular have become

large-scale exporters of insurgency. The five:

**NORTH KOREA** was recently accused of training Mexican as well as Ceylonese terrorists (*TIME*, April 19). According to the Mexican government, 50 young Mexicans using North Korean passports traveled to Pyongyang by way of the Soviet Union—a clear indication to the Mexican government that the Russians were in on the deal. The North Koreans, moreover, gave members of the Mexican group \$26,000 for travel expenses and the recruiting of additional guerrillas in Mexico.

To some extent, the North Koreans have concentrated on waging terrorist attacks against South Korea, but they have also managed to train 2,000 guerrillas from 25 countries; 700 foreign rebels are now believed to be in residence in ten special camps. Training lasts from six to 18 months. Foreigners as well as Koreans are taught *tuekwondo*, the local version of judo and karate, and are put through such rigorous training as running five hours at night, sometimes through rough mountain terrain, shouldering 100-lb. sandbags. "Running, running, running," in fact, is the training slogan.

**CUBA** has trained some 2,500 Latin American guerrillas during the past decade. In addition, the Cubans have sent military instructors to Algeria and to the Congo-Brazzaville. Despite Fidel Castro's tough words two weeks ago about aligning himself with the "revolutionary peoples of the world," Cuba's training program has been somewhat curtailed in the post-Che Guevara period. While still capable of exploiting re-

gional trouble spots, the Cubans have lately been preoccupied with economic problems at home and have been inhibited by the fact that leftist movements in many Latin American countries are splintered.

**ALGERIA**. More than 20 "national liberation fronts" and assorted movements maintain offices or representatives in Algiers, which has won the reputation of being the "home of revolutionaries." These groups include Al-Fatah, the Viet Cong, the Angolan resistance movement (M.P.L.A.) and the Black Panthers, whose local office is presided over by Eldridge Cleaver. There is even a representative for a group known as the Movement for the Autodetermination and Independence of the Canary Islands, which have belonged to Spain since the 15th century. "Catholics go to Rome," remarked an Algerian official, "Muslims to Mecca, and revolutionaries come to Algiers."

The Algerians provide military training facilities, however, for only a few major organizations, such as the fedayeen and the Angolans. For the most part, Algiers is a base for propaganda and political agitation rather than guerrilla training.

**CHINA** has emphasized the training of insurgents from elsewhere in Asia—Burma, Thailand, Cambodia, Indonesia, Ceylon, Japan and the Philippines. The Chinese program, which currently involves 100-150 students per year, is one of the toughest and most fervent. Most sources agree that, while the Russians provide strong ideological and theoretical training for warfare in the indefinite future, the Chinese program is pragmatically oriented toward more immediate action, and is extremely rigorous. Training takes place under

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2



3





# MARTIN MARIETTA MOVES in construction materials, chemicals, high technology systems and aluminum.

**CONSTRUCTION: A LOOK AHEAD.** U.S. Department of Labor figures forecast a growth in U.S. construction in this decade of more than 50 percent — from about \$90-billion annually now to around \$135-billion annually by 1980.

In the last ten years, construction in the Southeast grew 32 percent more than the national average. This region's extraordinary growth is expected to continue. In the Southeast, Martin Marietta has 36 rock aggregate plants and three large cement plants serving markets in eight states.

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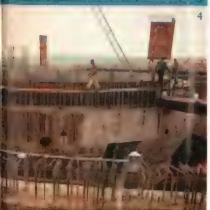
Most Martin Marietta products are geared to the growth of basic industries and, therefore, of the nation's economy.

But some parts of the nation are growing faster than others. We think it's good that we're there.

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1) The rebuilding of the cities has become a major national priority. Architect Paul Rudolph envisions a waterfront section of Buffalo, New York—as it could be. The project is a proposal of the New York State Urban Development Corporation for a site now being developed.

Martin Marietta construction materials figure prominently in (2) the new HUD building in Washington, D.C.; (3) the parallel span of the 4.2-mile-long Chesapeake Bay Bridge now under construction, and (4) the 550,000 kilowatt Duane Arnold Energy Center being built in Iowa, which will be one of the world's most advanced nuclear power plants.

# Vantage the no cop-out cigarette announces a menthol breakthrough.



**New Vantage Menthol.**  
**The first cigarette that lets you give up high 'tar' without  
copping out on real menthol pleasure.**

Until now you got either lots of menthol flavor and lots of 'tar' or else you got low 'tar' and very little flavor. Now there is Vantage Menthol with the ingenious Vantage filter geometrically

shaped to increase filtration. If you like authentic tobacco taste and real menthol pleasure, you owe it to yourself to smoke Vantage Menthol. It's the only no cop-out menthol.

deliberately primitive conditions: if guerrillas visit the cities at all, they do so in the guise of students or tourists.

One measure of the fierce hostility between China and the Soviet Union is the fact that both countries are training members of several tribes that live along the Sino-Soviet border. In addition, the Chinese provide military training in Tanzania for several groups of black freedom fighters from South Africa, South West Africa, Rhodesia, Angola and Mozambique. They also supply small arms and ammunition to the fedayeen.

**SOVIET UNION.** Western intelligence agencies say that Moscow's Patrice Lumumba University is a prime recruiting ground for Soviet intelligence. The university's student body consists of 3,000 foreign students, mostly from the non-Communist developing nations, and 1,000 Russians. Its vice rector is a major general in the KGB secret police; his job on campus is to screen out "undesirable" elements and watch for prospective recruits. If a student is among the several dozen chosen for guerrilla training, he receives special courses and favors and may discover that he has become irresistible to pretty Russian girls. Later he may be "farmed out" to North Korea, Bulgaria, Hungary, Czechoslovakia or elsewhere for further instruction. When he finally goes home, he remains under the guidance of a resident KGB man.

The Soviets prefer to remain in the background, but they are deeply involved in the financing and control of programs in Cuba, Algeria, North Korea and among the fedayeen. The recent Mexican case revealed how closely the Soviets are working with the North Koreans. The Ceylon civil war demonstrated that the Russians still maintain a two-pronged policy of giving official support to relatively moderate leftist governments, while at the same

HENRI DUNANT/SAMPA



**BASQUE NATIONALISTS TRAINING IN NORTHERN SPAIN**  
Almost every region of the world can qualify.

time subsidizing local subversive opposition movements. Accordingly, the Russians have delivered six MIGs with pilots and ground crews to help the Socialist government of Prime Minister Sirimavo Bandaranaike put down the insurrection. At the same time, they have given arms to the Ceylonese rebels through an organization called the Ceylonese-Soviet Friendship Society.

Another group of Soviet protégés who recently made news were the Turkish students involved in the kidnapping of four U.S. airmen two months ago. The students, it turned out, had received training from Soviet instructors in Syria. The Soviet "diplomat" who had overseen their activities in Turkey was subsequently transferred to—of all places—Ceylon.

**CHINESE TEACHING AFRICAN GUERRILLAS IN GHANA (1966)**



## PAKISTAN

### Humiliation or War

While East Pakistan continues to suffer from the bloody civil war and the growing threat of food shortages, the other half of the divided country is bearing burdens of another sort. The army-backed federal government of President Agha Mohammed Yahya Khan remains totally committed to keeping the Eastern wing from breaking away to establish Bangla Desh, an independent Bengal state. But the strain of the undertaking is overtaxing West Pakistan's resources and nerves. "This regime has East Pakistan stuck in its throat," says one American diplomat in the federal capital of Islamabad. "The army must either swallow it or cough it up."

By last week open fighting had almost completely ceased in East Pakistan. Nonetheless, West Pakistan must continue for the foreseeable future to lay out huge sums to support an army of occupation in East Pakistan. Moreover, the army is raising two additional divisions to bolster its defenses against India.

**Ancient Hatred.** Meanwhile, West Pakistani industry is operating at only one-third of capacity because of the loss of sales to the markets in the more populous Eastern half of the country—and because of a general economic slump. West Pakistan is hurt in other ways, too, by East Pakistan's economic collapse. In normal times East Pakistan's jute industry earns nearly half the whole country's foreign exchange; now it lies idle, and the rest of the East's meager industry and transportation facilities have sustained almost complete disruption. West Pakistan will need to find funds to help the Eastern half get started again.

That will be difficult. "We are on the brink of economic destruction," declared an editorial in West Pakistan's

*New Times* last week. The country has just about exhausted its foreign currency reserves, and is unable to meet the debt repayments due to U.S. and European creditors in May and June. Foreign aid, including an \$80 million loan from the U.S., has stopped, and the eleven-nation consortium that supports most of Pakistan's economic development is reluctant to bail out Yahya's regime until the present crisis is ended.

Under the stress of trying to hang on to East Bengal, the West Pakistanis' old obsessive hatred of the Indians has flared up again. The federal government has completely sealed off West Pakistan from outside reports about the repressive army crackdown in East Pakistan. Denied reliable reporting, West Pakistanis tend to view the conflict as a sinister Indian plot to dismember their country. India has remained nominally neutral, but it has in fact given Bengali rebels a haven.

**Border Shooting.** One result is a series of diplomatic snubs and threats between Pakistan and India. After Pakistan's chief diplomat in Calcutta defected to the Bangla Desh side, Islamabad sent a successor who was unable to make his way to the mission through Indian demonstrators. Pakistan thereupon closed the office and demanded that India shut down its mission in Dacca.

Potentially more dangerous than the diplomatic scuffling, however, was the situation developing along the borders between East Pakistan and India. West

Pakistan troops have been pushing to close the boundaries between the insurgents and possible sources of supply in India. Last week both sides traded charges that their troops had fired upon the other's territory. The tense atmosphere evoked fears among foreign diplomats that another Indo-Pakistan war might break out. Neither country wants to fight, or indeed can afford to; but this was no less true in the period preceding the 17-day war of 1965. "The army's choice might be humiliation in East Pakistan or war with India," says one diplomat. "It's possible that a chain of events in East Pakistan could lead to open hostilities."

## MIDDLE EAST Rogers on the Road

In Cairo last week, workmen slapped thick coats of cream-colored paint on the walls of the U.S. embassy, which has functioned technically as the American Affairs Section of the Spanish embassy since Egypt severed diplomatic relations with Washington four years ago. Gardeners carefully groomed the embassy lawn and chauffeurs diligently polished official black cars. "It's been 18 years since we've had a Secretary of State here," said an American diplomat, surveying the work. "We're making the most of it."

The last visit was hardly auspicious. After John Foster Dulles went to Cairo in 1953, relations between Egypt and the U.S. began to disintegrate; the U.S. subsequently refused to underwrite the building of the Aswan Dam. The Russians gladly stepped in and began spreading their influence throughout the Middle East. Now as William Rogers follows up meetings in London, Paris and Ankara with a five-nation Middle East circuit this week, the U.S. hopes to make the most of his Cairo visit for peacemaking purposes. Rogers is paying ceremonial calls on Saudi Arabia and Lebanon, and will make a brief halt in Amman principally to bolster Jordan's King Hussein.

**Main Goal.** The major stops on his journey, however, are Cairo and Jerusalem. In each capital, Rogers, who last year arranged an effective ceasefire in the Middle East, will stress the main goal of his two-week mission abroad—Egyptian and Israeli negotiations over the reopening of the Suez Canal. United Nations-sponsored talks under Swedish Diplomat Gunnar Jarring have stalled. Discussions on reopening the Suez Canal appear to offer the only possibility of present negotiations.

Rogers hopes to get the two sides thinking this week about the practical problems in reopening Suez. Egyptian President Anwar Sadat has two meetings scheduled with Rogers, and will probably spend both trying to persuade the Secretary to pressure Israel into agreeing to a withdrawal from the canal's vicinity. The way to do this, in Egypt's view,



ROGERS AT ANKARA AIRPORT  
Cambridge, broken and plain English.

is to withhold further U.S. arms.

For its part, Israel would rather not spend so much time talking. Suggesting agenda items for Rogers' two-day visit, Israel's Foreign Ministry proposed that instead of engaging in lengthy conferences, the Secretary tour such disputed borders as the Golan Heights and the Jordan River's West Bank. Since it is his first visit, suggested the Israelis, Rogers might better comprehend their concern over secure borders if he saw those borders himself. The U.S. rejected this idea. An American embassy spokesman in Tel Aviv explained that what Rogers really wanted to do was to talk.

Israel still hopes to change Rogers' mind. After all, Israeli officials in Jerusalem say, there is really very little to discuss. Secretary Rogers in recent months has heard Israel's position explained and expounded by every ranking Cabinet member, including eloquent, British-educated Foreign Minister Abba Eban and Premier Golda Meir, who sounds in English like the no-nonsense Milwaukee schoolteacher she used to be. "The Secretary knows our position well," said an Israeli official last week. "It has been explained to him in 'Cambridge English, broken English and just plain English.'"

**Fedayeen Problems.** One place where Rogers may make progress is Jordan. Hussein's government has become increasingly isolated from its Arab allies as a result of the civil war eight months ago in which the King's army routed the Palestinian guerrillas. Since then, the fedayeen have been far less active, and their few attacks have been directed mainly against Hussein's forces



NEWS VENDOR IN KARACHI  
The East is stuck in its throat.



rather than Israel. Last month terrorists rocketed an airbase in Mafrak, damaging two jet fighters, and severed an oil pipeline. Incidents along the Israeli border meanwhile have dropped to a total of only 28 between September and April, in comparison to 627 in the three months preceding the army-guerrilla showdown in Jordan.

Radical Arab leaders insist that the guerrillas were silenced on U.S. orders because they stood in the way of Rogers' plan for a Middle East cease-fire. These radicals accuse Hussein, whose army and air force are among the few Arab troops still receiving U.S. supplies, of knuckling under to pressure from Washington. Libya's fiery Muammar Gaddafi has cut off the \$25 million annual subsidy that he had been paying King Hussein. Since Jordan's economy was badly damaged by the civil war, Hussein is expected to ask Rogers to pick up this tab.

## WEST GERMANY

### Adolf on the Skids

West Germany's noisy National Democrats, whose election successes in the late 1960s triggered fears of a Nazi revival, in recent months have adopted a new salute. It is an upraised hand with two fingers and thumb spread to form a W, standing for *Widerstand* (resistance). As last week's state elections in Schleswig-Holstein indicated, what the National Democrats are trying to resist is total obliteration. Though they polled 5.8% of the vote in the north German state in the 1967 elections, their latest effort attracted only an insignificant 1.3%. That is well below the 5% required for representation in the state parliament.

It was the ninth successive setback in the past 18 months for the party

whose symbols and sympathies are disturbingly reminiscent of the Nazis. A few years ago, the National Democrats were polling as much as 9.8% of the vote in state elections and seemed headed toward becoming West Germany's third largest party. In addition to the Schleswig-Holstein defeat, the National Democrats have lost their seats in Bavaria, Hesse and Lower Saxony. They retain only 19 delegates in two state parliaments (Baden-Württemberg and Bremen), and they have, of course, no representation in the national Bundestag. "Four years ago, success followed success," said Party Leader Adolf ("Bubi") von Thadden. "Now one failure leads to another."

One reason for the party's decline is the steady recovery of the West German economy. The mild recession in 1966 frightened many West Germans and made them susceptible to the National Democrats' highly nationalistic economic preachings. Another reason is the breakup of the Grand Coalition of Christian Democrats and Social Democrats, which had denied the country an effective parliamentary opposition. After Willy Brandt took office in late 1969, the opposition Christian Democrats proved successful in attracting much of the archconservative and protest vote that had briefly backed the National Democrats.

Meanwhile the Free Democrats, whose 27 Bundestag delegates give Brandt a narrow six-seat majority, are also losing voters. In Schleswig-Holstein, the Free Democrats polled only 3.8% of the vote, and lost their four seats in the state legislature. The Free Democrats also lost their representation in Lower Saxony and the Saar. If the present trend continues, only the two big parties are likely to emerge intact from the 1973 national elections.

## FRANCE

### Spreading the Words

Next to his liver, the Frenchman's chief preoccupation is his language. One of the main reasons why Charles de Gaulle blocked British membership in the Common Market for nearly a decade was his fear that French would lose its place as the premier language on the Continent.

With British entry an active possibility once again, De Gaulle's old fears have reappeared among France's numerous linguistic patriots. Recently, 32 leading intellectuals and members of the venerable French Academy carried their worries directly to Georges Pompidou: in a bristling letter warning of the dangers of "subordination to the Anglo-Saxon world," the group demanded that the President take steps to see that French would remain "the working language of an enlarged Europe." Pompidou's reply included a solemn pledge "to preserve the legitimate place" of the French language in Europe.

**Verbal Zeal.** If Britain comes into the Common Market, the French fear, so will Ireland, Norway and Denmark, and all of them recognize English as the language of international diplomacy and business. Should the Six become the Ten, pressures to make English the working language of the European Community would rise in The Netherlands, Germany and Italy, where English is the standard second language. Eventually, Paris worries, French could dwindle to a mere regional language, current only in France, Monaco, French-speaking Switzerland and among the 3,109,000 Walloons of Belgium.

Rather than wait, France has mounted an unequal campaign to keep its language alive. The ubiquitous Alliance Française today guides more than 500,000 students a year through French grammar and the stylistic nuances of Rousseau, Racine and De Gaulle in the 1,200 language centers it maintains around the world. It is supported partly by the government, partly by ordinary citizens who respond to leaflets pointing out that "for 10 francs—the price of a cinema ticket—ten Chilean children can be given an hour's French lesson." Some of the Alliance's more illustrious alumni are Teddy Kennedy, Pope Paul VI and Japanese Prime Minister Eisaku Sato.

Currently, at least some 30,000 young Frenchmen are happily taking advantage of draft exemptions offered to anyone who volunteers to teach French in the hundreds of lycées and other schools spotted from the Ivory Coast to Indochina.

**Severe Handicap.** Partly as a result of this campaign, French is now the main language of a record 180 million people, far more than the 100 million that most U.N. agencies reckon as the minimum for a bona fide "working language." And while the British Commonwealth record, lies between France



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This week's  
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*Just put the gin on the rocks.  
The perfect martini gin, of course.*

**Seagram's.  
The perfect martini gin.**

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100 PROOF, DISTILLED DRY GIN, DISTILLED FROM AMERICAN GRAIN

and other French-speaking areas—including the former colonies, particularly in Africa, and also Quebec—continue to grow stronger.

Still, French is at a disadvantage where it really counts: in the laboratories and board rooms of Europe. The language has often been criticized as basically too inflexible to accommodate new terms and new concepts—severe handicaps in a technological age. French Nuclear Scientist Louis Leprince-Ringuet jokes that he was forced to learn "70 words of English and 40 idiomatic expressions" before he could qualify as an international figure. As for the young Frenchman on the way up, he is expected to know all about *le management* and *le marketing*, *le cash-flow* and *le spin-off*—as well as the best places to be seen having *le long drink* with a girl wearing *le short*.

### Incident at Orly

Eight Chinese diplomats approached passport control in Paris' Orly Airport last week. They wanted to take a Pakistan International Airlines flight to Shanghai. But police immediately saw that something was wrong. One of the Chinese, who appeared to be in a stupor and whose body seemed suspiciously bulky, was being half carried by two of his countrymen. The police, who had been alerted by French intelligence to watch for suspicious Chinese behavior, insisted that the man be examined immediately by an airport physician. The examination established that the Chinese had been injected with powerful sedatives, which had lowered his temperature. Hence he was dressed in six sweaters for warmth.

The victim, who was later identified as Chang Shi-jung, 31, had been serving as an agricultural adviser with the Chinese embassy in Algeria. He had reportedly informed the French embassy in Algiers that he wanted to defect, and the Chinese had learned of his

plans. When French officials at Orly told the Chinese diplomats that Chang was too indisposed to travel, they became agitated and shouted "Bullies!" and "Fascists!" at the police. While the Pakistani plane took off without any of the Chinese aboard, both sides swiftly called up reinforcements. Fifty tough riot troopers of the C.R.S. (Compagnies Républicaines de Sécurité) took up positions outside the police office in which the drugged Chinese had been bedded down. Fifteen members of Peking's Paris embassy rushed to the scene.

For seven hours, passing travelers at Orly were treated to an unusual confrontation. In an effort to retrieve their fellow diplomat, the Chinese made two coordinated rushes at the riot troopers, who fought them off. Once a lone Chinese attacked the troopers with karate blows, One Chinese hit a C.R.S. officer. Finally, the French decided to take the man in an ambulance to a Paris hospital. As he was led away, Chang, who perhaps sought to establish an alibi that the French were abducting him, just in case he should decide to go home after all, pretended to protest violently. Once out of sight of his countrymen, he calmed down and chatted pleasantly with a Chinese-speaking French intelligence officer.

France, which was one of the first major Western nations to establish diplomatic relations with Peking in 1964, tried to hush up the Orly incident. But the Ministry of the Interior quietly announced that Chang would be granted political asylum if he decided to apply for it. The French delicacy was probably prompted by a similar incident in The Netherlands five years ago. At that time, a Chinese delegation barricaded itself inside its house in The Hague for five months rather than submit to police questioning about the sudden death of a colleague who had apparently attempted to defect. During that time, the Dutch chargé d'affaires in Peking was forced to remain a prisoner in his legation.

CHINESE AT ORLY AIRPORT WITH ARMS LOCKED IN PROTEST



# Stripes bring out the tiger in Cougar. Mercury Cougar.

How do you like your stripes, tiger? Blue, Ginger, Black, or Green? These great upbeat stripes are optional on Mercury Cougar.



Why drive a pussycat when you can have a Cougar? Mercury Cougar with gr-r-r-eat, wild, expressive striped interiors.

The stripes on the seats are framed with soft vinyl bolsters and trim. And there's an instrument cluster of large, easy-to-read pods inspired by classic European road cars.

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## MERCURY

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It's in protest against the prejudice that fine wines only come from European grapes.

The American Emerald Riesling is the fruit of a marriage at U.C. Davis between an immigrant German Riesling and a French Muscadelle de Bordelais.

At school, it developed an independence of spirit which, you may say, is all too typical of California campuses.

But like a lot of wild kids, it turned out all right in the end.

We've found that, when mature, it produces a remarkable wine. Light, fragrant, with unique varietal character.

Paul Masson's Emerald Dry is normally served with seafood and light meats. But there's more to it than that.

A British wine buff sips it as an aperitif with fingers of gruyere cheese.

The Irish tend to drink it with corned beef and cabbage on St. Patrick's Day.

It goes with Chinese food better than any wine we know of.

Emerald Dry is readily available in stores and restaurants.

Why not have a confrontation?

### Paul Masson's Emerald Dry.

PAUL MASSON VINEYARDS, SARATOGA, CALIFORNIA ©1970

## PEOPLE

Gathering material in Taipei for his latter-day *Around the World in Eighty Days*, Humorist's Humorist S.J. Perelman visited a place of refreshment called the Literary Inn. Suddenly he was surrounded by a draggle of highly painted professional ladies who obviously wanted more than his autograph. Only with some difficulty did the world traveler extricate himself from their importunities, but he emerged with wit unblunted. "It was a case," he mused to a friend on the way back to his hotel, "of the tail dragging the wag."

The evening was billed as a "Dialogue on Women's Liberation," and Beat Poet Gregory Corso set the tone by storming off almost as soon as the festivities began. Then, as such literary luminaries as Arthur Schlesinger Jr. and Philip Roth stared in silence from the audience, *Village Voice* Columnist Jill Johnston proclaimed that "all women are lesbians" and began an onstage group grope with two female companions. The remainder of the rambunctious encounter featured Novelist and "Prisoner of Sex" Norman Mailer battling a phalanx of feminists led by Australian Author Germaine Greer (*The Female Eunuch*). As the distinctively distaff heckling mounted, Mailer shouted, "I'm not going to sit here and let you hardidans harangue me." Mailer's was not the only named male ego. When asked by hapless Critic Anatole Brody to spell out what the liberated woman wants, Greer snapped: "Whatever it is we're asking for, honey, it's not for you."

Some big lights of the movies were hiding under bushels. For Jerry Lewis it was a bushel of clown makeup, which



BETTE AS BANK ROBBER  
Under a bushel.

disguised his identity as he brought down the house at Paris' *Cirque d'Hiver* benefit for old and ailing showfolk. And when Ringmaster Maria Callas announced who the clown really was, the house came down all over again. For Jerry is an important personage in France, an actor whose films are seriously studied. Lewis says he is even thinking of moving to Paris—"a good place to come if you're feeling low." For Bette Davis it was a bushel or two of hippie-esque old clothes for her role as a raffish grandmother whose hobby is robbing banks. The film, currently in production, is called *Bunny O'Hare*, in which Miss Davis rides a getaway motorbike with Ernest Borgnine. Catherine Deneuve's pretty light looked for a while as though it might go out permanently under bushels of pachyderm. Tinsy, flame-haired and frail in black chiffon, she stretched out on the *Cirque d'Hiver* tankard and lay there, while a large male elephant stepped carefully over her and carefully lowered himself. Nobody breathed. But the elephant knew when to stop.

Perhaps because it takes one to know one, perhaps because of the company they keep, psychiatrists are traditionally prone to behavioral quirks of their own. In a transcontinental airplane one day recently, a broadcasting executive was just

settling down to his postprandial cigar when an attractive lady asked him to put it out. He recognized her as Dr. Joyce Brothers, whose cool, blonde analyses unkink snarled psyches on TV and in the newspapers, and hastened to extinguish the cheroot. But the aroma apparently lingered on and Psychologist Brothers came back. "I'll vomit in your lap if you don't put out that cigar," said Dr. Brothers. "You're asking me to put away my virility symbol," answered the traveler, determined to show that he knew a psychological thing or two. Later, as he was waiting to disembark after the plane had landed, there was Dr. Brothers again. "I hope you're satisfied," she cried, stamping on his foot and heaving a well-filled air-sickness bag at him. It missed.

Future historians may find it convenient to date the end of the Rock Era as the last week of April 1971. It came with neither bang nor whimper—only the booming, Bronxoid voice of Wolfgang Grajonea, better known as Bill Graham, announcing that he had had it. Graham is closing down Manhattan's Fillmore East (this summer) and San Francisco's Fillmore West (next fall)—the two cathedrals of the loud, hard-driving sound that for a memorable decade has been the soul of youth's counterculture. The reason Graham gave was that rock had gained so much of the world that it had lost its soul. "When we started in 1965," he said, "I associated with and employed 'musicians.' Now it's 'officers' and 'stockholders' in large corporations—only they happen to have long hair and play guitars. Rock is becoming a General Motors, a Pacific Gas and Electric." Graham told how the manager of one supergroup said to him recently: "Bill, you mean to tell me you expect my act to play for only \$50,000 a week? That did it for me. I had had it."

JERRY & REPUBLICAN GUARD



CATHERINE & FRIEND





## SCIENCE

### A Troubled Salyut

Though their huge unmanned *Salyut* (Salute) spacecraft continued to circle the earth last week, the Russians failed to achieve their ambitious goal: a manned orbital space station. In fact, there was growing belief among Western space experts that the much-heralded mission of *Salyut* and Soyuz 10 never really recovered from a shaky start.

Despite initial Russian hints of a complex mission of long duration, U.S. scientists suspected shortly after *Salyut* was launched that something had gone wrong. The heavy cylindrical craft, intended as the hub of a space station, reached an orbit of only 140 by 130 miles. That meant that it was passing through the outer fringes of the atmosphere, which would slow it down and cause it to burn up in a plunge back toward earth within a few weeks.

Delay in the launch of Soyuz 10 and its three-man crew stirred more suspicions. Russian officials were apparently deciding if it was worthwhile trying to rendezvous and dock with a craft that would not long remain in orbit. When Soyuz was finally launched, it was unintentionally shot into an orbit higher than *Salyut*'s. It took nearly two days for the manned craft to reach and dock with its target—an operation that the cosmonauts later compared to bringing a train into a large railroad station. Then, only 51 hours later, having made no attempt to board *Salyut*, the Soyuz crew returned to earth in an unprecedented night landing. The premature return, one rumor had it, was caused by faulty operation of Soyuz's thrusters. In Moscow, the story circulated that Rookie Cosmonaut Nikolai Rukavishnikov had become "space sick," complained about the sensations of weightlessness, and had to be returned quickly to earth.

At midweek, mission controllers at the Kazakhstan cosmodrome succeeded in raising the *Salyut*'s orbit to 166 miles by 161 miles, apparently by firing *Salyut*'s on-board rockets. Still, Veteran Space Watcher Heinz Kaminski of West Germany's Bochum Observatory calculated that the boost would keep *Salyut* alive only for another seven weeks at the most—enough time for more docking attempts but too short a life-span for setting up a working space station.

### Make-Work on the Nile

For many years, Egyptologists have puzzled over a major archaeological riddle. If each pharaoh built a pyramid for use as his own tomb and his eventual ascension to the sun, why are there more pyramids than there were pharaohs? British Physicist Kurt Mendelssohn believes that he has discovered the answer. Writing in *American Scientist*, he suggests that the pharaohs directed the construction of several py-

ramids at the same time to achieve maximum employment. Building the pyramids, in other words, may have been history's first great public-works project.

The Oxford University scientist, who is also an amateur archaeologist, came to his conclusion during a recent sight-seeing trip to Egypt. Straying slightly off the beaten tourist path, Mendelssohn visited the great pyramid at Medûm, one of the first built by the Egyptians, about 50 miles south of Cairo. Although archaeologists have long ascribed the ruined condition of the nearly 5,000-year-old structure to the piling of masonry by subsequent generations of Egyptians, Mendelssohn calculated that most of the stone missing from the pyramid was still near by, lying in huge mounds of rubble surrounding the rectangular inner core.

**Giant Rockslide.** That observation indicated that the damage had been caused by an accident rather than vandalism. Built at a time when the kingdoms of Upper and Lower Egypt were just merging, the Medûm project represented an obvious attempt by the early pyramid builders to improve upon their first effort, the Step Pyramid at nearby Saqqara. Rather than settling for the stepped inner structure, as they had done at Saqqara, they covered the Medûm pyramid with a smooth mantle that on each of the four sides ascended at a steep 52° angle. But, Mendelssohn says, as the heavy mantle grew, the stresses became so great that it eventually came tumbling down in a giant rockslide.

The disaster at Medûm, Mendelssohn is convinced, caused consternation 30 miles away at Dahshûr, the site of the so-called Bent Pyramid. Some scholars have suggested that the Bent Pyramid's strange shape (its sides start up at an angle of 52°, but halfway to the top the slope changes abruptly to a more

gentle 43½°) was brought about by the premature death of the pharaoh, which forced the workers to hasten completion of the pyramid. Mendelssohn, however, believes that the builders at Dahshûr, hearing of the avalanche at Medûm, prudently reduced the angle of the unfinished portion of their own pyramid to a safe 43½°. In fact, Mendelssohn notes, Egyptian pyramid builders did not return to the more dangerous 52° angle until many years later, when they had devised better techniques for construction of the outer mantle.

**Economic Necessity.** If two pyramids were actually being built during the lifetime of one pharaoh, it was for reasons beyond his desire for immortality. Those reasons, says Mendelssohn, were economic. Most historians agree that a huge labor force of perhaps 100,000 men, a large part of the Egyptian population, worked at pyramid building during the three-month-long Nile flood, when farming was at a standstill. Mendelssohn points out, however, that far fewer workers would be required when a pyramid was nearing completion. After that, none would be needed until the coming of the next pharaoh. No economy, he argues, could stand the strain of such a boom-bust employment pattern.

To maintain full employment, Mendelssohn says, the Egyptian rulers staggered construction starts; as work on one pyramid tapered off, another was begun. Pyramid building soon turned into an economic necessity, whether or not there was a pharaoh to be buried. Until that time, Egyptian society had consisted of loosely connected tribal units, each with its own god and social structure. By organizing enormous numbers of people into such a unifying task, writes Mendelssohn, the leaders of Egypt quickly and ingeniously achieved economic control over the populace. "In fact," he writes, "they invented the state, a form of centralized and efficient organization which up to then was unknown to the human race."

ARTIST'S CONCEPT OF EGYPTIANS BUILDING PYRAMID





## THE LAW

### Downgrading Citizens

If an American marries a foreigner and lives abroad permanently—are his or roughly 200,000 Americans do—are his or her children U.S. citizens?

The answer depends largely on the whim of Congress. At first, the law required that the child's father be a U.S. citizen who at one time had resided in the U.S. Later, either parent's residency sufficed, but the children were required to live in the U.S. for a specific period of time to maintain their citizenship.

In 1967 the Supreme Court ruled that Congress had no power to strip a

child of citizenship. In 1972, the State Department issued Bellei his own passport, which was routinely approved until his 23rd birthday. Then, in 1966, the American consul in Rome informed him that he had lost his U.S. citizenship. Now living in Rome, Bellei spent years fighting for his right to be an American, and lost in the court of last resort.

► Gerard Menuhin, son of Violinist Yehudi Menuhin, was born in Edinburgh when his parents were there for a music festival. Now Gerard, a film editor in London, must return to the U.S. by

children to retain their U.S. citizenship, but sees no way it can be done. "With the kind of job I have and the sort of income," says Goldberg, "it is financially impossible for me to send my children to the U.S. for five years so they can remain American citizens."

**Terrible Disappointment.** Last week Phyllis Mitchell Michaux, founder of the Association of American Wives of Europeans, began drawing up a petition urging Congress to eliminate the U.S. residency requirement for foreign-born American children living abroad. Mrs. Michaux's own French-born daughter Carolyn, 22, must now decide whether to move to the U.S. for five years. "The Supreme Court decision was a terrible disappointment to thousands of Americans living abroad," said Mrs. Michaux. "But we hope to win the second battle in Congress." If Congress balks, what Justice William Brennan Jr. called in his bitter dissent the "downgrading [of] citizens born outside the U.S." may become a permanent reality.



CAROLYN & PHYLLIS MICHAUX  
Baffled and angry.

person of citizenship: he had to renounce it voluntarily. But last month the court backed away from the implications of that decision. By a vote of 5 to 4, it ruled that a key section of the 1952 McCarran-Walter Act is constitutional. That section terminates the U.S. citizenship of a foreign-born child of an American parent unless the child lives in the U.S. for five consecutive years between the ages of 14 and 28.

**Global Dismay.** The Government wants to retain that seemingly xenophobic rule to prevent feelings of divided loyalty by the child born and living abroad. With the required U.S. residency, the argument goes, the child will better understand the citizenship he wants to hold. But the Government's victory has baffled and angered Americans all over the world. Examples:

► Aldo Mario Bellei, who challenged the constitutionality of the McCarran Act in the Supreme Court case, is no longer an American. Son of an American mother and an Italian father, Bellei, now 31, was born and brought up

in Italy. As a youth, he visited the U.S. on his mother's passport; in 1952, the State Department issued Bellei his own passport, which was routinely approved until his 23rd birthday. Then, in 1966, the American consul in Rome informed him that he had lost his U.S. citizenship. Now living in Rome, Bellei spent years fighting for his right to be an American, and lost in the court of last resort.

► Christopher Laird, the son of an American journalist in Paris, will be stateless in five years unless he returns to the U.S. Reason: his British mother's government does not grant citizenship to the children of British mothers and foreign husbands. The French will not easily grant him citizenship. The boy was born in Switzerland, not France. And the Swiss do not recognize territorial birth.

► Harry Goldberg, head librarian at the American Library in Paris, is married to a Frenchwoman and has two French-born children. He wants his chil-

### Born to Judge

Six days before his recent death, Thomas L. Dewey worked on an article for the next issue of the *Columbia Law Review*, which will be dedicated entirely to a man whom Dewey knew well. As Governor, he had appointed him to a vacancy on New York's highest court in 1946. Now, 25 years later, Dewey wrote: "Some lawyers become judges because they have worked hard enough and long enough in the political vineyard to persuade the dominant political party to nominate them. Some judges, like ambassadors, arrive at their destination by the route of heavy political contributions. Then there are some lawyers who become judges because they were born to be judges. Stanley H. Fuld, Chief Judge of the Court of Appeals and of the State of New York, was born to be a judge."

Fuld, now 67, has indeed become one of the nation's most respected judges. Last week there was fresh evidence of his forward-reaching impact on the law. Speaking as chairman of the administrative board of the state judicial conference, Fuld announced that as of May 1, 1972, New York courts will dismiss charges against any criminal defendants, except accused murderers, who have not been tried within six months of arrest through no fault of their own. They will also be freed on bail or their own recognizance if their trials have not begun within three months. Designed to reduce a scandalous backlog in criminal cases, the new rules are necessary, said Fuld, "if the rights to which both the accused and the state are entitled are to be made more meaningful."

**40-Draft Man.** Despite his enormous prestige within the profession, Chief Judge Fuld is such a private man that he is virtually unknown to the general public—even though his office is elective. Still, he has no trouble win-

ning; in the last election he was the unopposed candidate of all four New York parties—Republican, Democratic, Liberal and Conservative. In fact, he is too busy at his diligent judging to campaign at all.

"It is nothing for him and his clerks to look up and read all the cases in all the states on any given legal point," says a former clerk, Jack Weinstein, himself now a federal district judge. Adds Columbia Law Professor Maurice Rosenberg, another ex-Fuld clerk: "He is definitely a 40-draft man. He'll write and rewrite endlessly. His style is simple and direct. It's rather like telling them you're going to tell them, then tell-

throughout the state. By weeding out other legal technicalities, such as overly narrow categories of larceny, which left loopholes for the guilty, Fuld earned high praise from at least one leading judge, who wrote to urge his elevation to New York's top court. Governor Dewey soon obliged.

**Whose Orthodoxy?** Fuld's judicial opinions have been especially significant in resolving "conflict of laws" between jurisdictions. In the 1963 case of *Babcock v. Jackson*, for example, the issue was whether a New York woman resident could recover damages from the New York driver of a car in which she had been injured in a Canadian accident. Though New York law permitted recovery, Canadian law did not. Under rules prevailing at the time, such damage suits were invariably governed by the law where the accident occurred. In a pioneering decision, Fuld permitted the woman to recover under New York law. His precedent has since been cited in more than 70 scholarly articles and 200 court opinions.

Fuld, in fact, has constantly enjoyed one of judging's greatest pleasures: seeing many of his dissents later become law. In 1951, for instance, the New York court upheld the banning of an Italian film, *The Miracle*, on the ground that it was "sacrilegious." In dissent, Fuld scoldingly asked the court majority: "What is orthodox, what sacrilegious? Whose orthodoxy, to whom sacrilegious?" Courts have since abandoned such censorship. Other Fuld dissents ultimately have been carried into law by the U.S. Supreme Court, on issues such as free speech, obscenity and literacy tests. Most recently, he led his court in granting prisoners a new right to counsel at parole revocation hearings—a right that is nonexistent in most other states.

**Rethinking Precedent.** With his passion for privacy, Fuld rarely mentions publicly that he has two daughters (one married to a lawyer, the other to a doctor), that he commutes between his offices in Albany and Manhattan by nothing grander than a bus, that his favorite hobby is mountain climbing the once nearly reached the top of the Matterhorn. The judge prefers to be known by his written decisions.

Perhaps the best example of Fuld's reasoning was a 1957 opinion in which he re-examined the legal tradition of *stare decisis* (precedent decides). If it is argued, he wrote, "that *stare decisis* compels us to perpetuate a rule—out of tune with the life around us, at variance with modern-day needs and with concepts of justice and fair dealing—a ready answer is at hand. The rule of *stare decisis* was intended not to effect a petrifying rigidity, but to assure the justice that flows from certainty and stability. If, instead, adherence to precedent offers not justice but unfairness, not certainty but doubt and confusion, it loses its right to survive and no principle constrains us to follow it."

Advertisement

## MOVING

### New Laws of the Jungle Protect You and Your Household Goods

This is how many people think of a moving man. He's a gorilla in canvas clothing. He breaks your furniture. He talks a legal gibberish of terms like "tare weights" and "bills of lading." And people fear him. Because to them his world is a jungle they don't understand.

So how can you protect yourself? It's easy now. There are new federal and state regulations designed to make moving seem less of a jungle. And Lyon is offering to send you free copies of these regulations. You should take up the offer. Because it could save you a lot of time and money the next time you move.



When you move out of state, for example, there's a regulation that tells you what to do when the moving company's final bill is more than 10% over its original estimate. Until now, you had to pay the whole bill. Or the moving company could refuse to unload your goods. Now, the moving company has to unload if you pay just the 10% of the additional cost plus the original estimate. And you have 15 days to pay the balance.

For moves-out of state, there are several more rules regarding the moving company's liability for damage or loss. How much value you should declare to fully cover your goods. What to do about fixing an exact date of delivery. Who is responsible for delays in delivery. And how generally to protect yourself and your goods.

There are different rules governing moves within a state. And these are often hard to learn. Because many states don't print them for general distribution to the public. Your local Lyon Moving and Storage agent will be happy to provide you with the rules that apply within your state.

There are Lyon agents in all 50 states. Simply look in the phone book and call a Lyon agent. Ask for a copy of the various regulations governing your move whether within or out of state. There's no obligation.

You're probably wondering why Lyon, a moving company, would want you to know about these new regulations. For a very simple reason. Lyon feels the more you know about the new rules that protect you, the more you'll want to let Lyon guard your goods.

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STANLEY FULD  
Prestige in privacy.

ing them, then telling them you've told them."

Son of a New York Times proofreader, Fuld began polishing his unusual talent for legal clarity at Columbia Law School ('26), where he was an editor of the *Law Review* and earned his way by teaching at City College. In 1935, after nine years of general law practice in Wall Street, Fuld joined Tom Dewey, then a crime-busting special prosecutor, in his famous probe of New York City rackets. With his appetite for hard work the still toils 14 hours a day. Fuld became the Dewey team's specialist in deflating the complex legal defenses raised by the underworld's lawyers. In the probe's 23 years, recalled Dewey, "every indictment was sustained and no convictions were reversed."

When Dewey became Manhattan's district attorney, Fuld headed his indictments bureau and soon became a leading criminal-law reformer. Appalled at the prolix, mumbo-jumbo language of indictments, he boiled the lengthy forms into two or three precise sentences. Fuld's forms are still in use





Even when you've blown a fuse,  
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You could blow every fuse in your house and still be able to use your telephone.

Because a telephone doesn't get its power from your house circuits.

Instead, it operates from a low-voltage direct current supplied by Telephone Company batteries.

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The American Telephone and Telegraph Company and your local Bell Company are constantly working to provide reliable telephone service.

So if a blown fuse does leave you temporarily in the dark, you can at least call somebody about it.



## MODERN LIVING

### Spontaneous Reduction

Losing weight has never really been very much fun. Even the most considerate diet imposes unseemly demands on the will, and running in place can be downright tiring. Surely, fannies have long maintained, there must be easier ways to slim down. Now there are—scads of them. The current easy-exercise-equipment market is doing a \$100 million-a-year business in belts and wheels, inflatable suits, stretch straps, electronic and battery-operated devices, all designed to knock off pounds and inches with a minimum of effort on the part of the individual. For those who cannot raise even the minimum, there is the "wrapping" method, which asks nothing of the customer but time and money.

A slanted cushion called the Trim 'Twist Exercise Jogger (\$9.95) forces runners' knees up, and supposedly provides the equivalent of one mile of jogging in only six minutes of use. The Indoor Jogger (\$134) keeps the old legs going on alternately rising and falling platforms, while the Treadmill (\$235), a rubber mat on rollers with side-bar support, actually records the footage covered, if not inches lost. GyroGym's Smartbel (\$59.50), a 2-lb. dumbbell "with a mind of its own," generates surprisingly strong gyroscopic forces that cause the user to exert himself just as much as he would with a 110-lb. weight. The Skinny Dipper (\$50), a V-shaped chaise, flattens out under the weight of the user, then bounces him back for more.

**Plastic Pants.** The hottest item of the season—and not only hot but sweating—are Trim-Jeans. Various known as Slim Shorts and Air Shorts, and priced anywhere from \$6 to \$14, the plastic pants are put on, inflated with the accompanying air pump, and worn for half an hour or so. Like last year's popular Sauna Belt, the shorts work by trapping body heat between vinyl and skin; the heat, it is claimed, "breaks down fatty tissue." Some doctors think, however, that the weight that melts away is actually just water that is lost through perspiration. Shorts fans do not seem to pay much attention to such comments. Manhattan's Abercrombie & Fitch has sold more than 1,000 pairs of Slim Shorts in the past two weeks.

The most passive reduction plan yet developed occurs in the 112 Trim-A-Way figure-controlling salons across the U.S. The ingredients: strips of cloth and a secret chemical formula. The method: wrapping. The results: a guaranteed loss of two inches the first session, five by the fifth. The naked customer is marked and measured by a white-smocked technician, who then takes rolls of wet linen and firmly wraps her in oversize bandaging from the ankles up, pressing the fat upward. "It really is tight," reported an impressed cli-

ent last week. "You wonder if gangrene won't set in before they finish." Wrapping stops at the breasts, but encases bulging upper arms.

**Hanging Skin.** Circulation cut by a quarter, the client totters to a plastic-covered lounge and gets soaked with the mysterious liquid, then is zipped into a plastic suit. There the customers lie in moist and mummy-like discomfort for 90 minutes. Then they are unzipped and measured to discover how many inches they have lost.

That loss often seems considerable, but any drop in weight is due to fright or imagination. Like pressed ducks, the



HOUSTON WRAPPING SESSION  
Nothing asked but time and money.

clients weigh as much as ever: the difference is that they look neater. The tight tapes, explain the Trim-A-Way experts, squeeze superfluous fluid from pockets of fat in the body, forcing it into the system. The highly-secret, wildly expensive (\$12 per quart) solution is a mixture of salts that shrink the skin. "After all," explains Manhattan Trim-A-Way Salon Manager Eric Bernard, "we can't shrink the body and leave the skin hanging there. We have to tighten the flesh too."

The effects supposedly last as long as the fatty tissues can be kept lean—and that can amount to as much as a year with sensible dieting. But doctors put little stock in the system. Manhattan Internist Morton Glenn dismisses it as "wishful thinking to expect to lose inches by squeezing the water in the fat tissues into the system."

The only real danger is for clients with varicose veins, phlebitis or other circulatory problems, which might be severely aggravated by the rigid wrapping pressures. Certainly the cost is higher (\$25 for one treatment, \$200 for ten, \$300 for 20) and the effects said to be more dramatic than anything Trim-Jeans can provide.

### TV Patrol

What has two eyes, perches on 22-ft. poles, can see half a mile in nearly total darkness, throws fear into law-breakers and costs \$47,000? The answer, known to everyone in suburban Mount Vernon, N.Y., is an ingenious new television system that untiringly watches over the town's main shopping street, relaying what it sees to police headquarters.

The two TV patrol cameras, which last month went into operation for a one-year test period, may have already reduced crime in Mount Vernon. During the first three weeks after their installation, there were no known crimes committed along the street, compared with four during the same period last year. The cameras are on duty 24 hours a day, remote-controlled by a patrolman at police headquarters, several blocks away.

By pressing buttons in front of two monitoring screens, the patrolman can revolve either camera 350° or sweep it up and down through an angle of 120°. Other buttons operate zoom lenses that enable the monitor to swoop in without hesitation on suspicious activities half a mile away from the cameras (which are located two blocks apart). When the patrolman on monitoring duty spots a crime in progress, he can immediately dispatch the nearest squad car to the scene.

The versatile cameras, developed by GTE Sylvania for military use, have light-amplification scanning tubes that provide night shots of daylight quality. They can photograph a man or record a license number half a mile away at night.

**Big Brother.** Defending the \$47,000 cost of the electronic surveillance system, Police Captain Michael Court notes that "it would take three men to patrol that area over a 24-hour period. That's \$30,000 a year, so in about 19 months we break even." The police force in Hoboken, N.J., plans to install a similar system by mid-June, and Sylvania reports that 50 other police departments have requested demonstrations. Thus the TV patrol may well appear in high-crime areas across the nation, peering through darkened stores and examining dark alleyways. To some, that prospect invites comparison to Big Brother in George Orwell's 1984. But Sylvania Spokesman Gene Toner, for one, is not disturbed. "The TV system is no more a threat to privacy," he says, "than the police radio was when it came in back in the early '30s."

# The life of an I.W. Harper bottle.

With Henry, the man behind the bar: dispenser of drinks, referee, holder of stakes, observer of man, and sympathetic ear.



The night got off to a slow start. Then some oil company brass from Dallas came in. I poured three Harper's.

Two guys stopped off before their long ride home. Started to argue about the Long Island Railroad. Finally cooled 'em off with two over ice.

Then the classy-looking advertising lady dropped by with her crowd. Took a table in the corner. They were all business.

In came one of the top Park Avenue psychiatrists. Told me his troubles. Called me "the analyst's analyst."

Harper and soda for a well-known drama critic. Said he couldn't sit through the last act. Somebody's going to get roasted tomorrow.



This one's for Henry.



For nearly a hundred years, I.W. Harper has been winning medals all over the world—the reason it's known as the Gold Medal Bourbon, the finest Kentucky bourbon you can buy.

**Sometimes the bourbon has to be this good.**

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the noise level in  
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have risen over 160%.



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Take a  
Quiet Break...  
'71 Ford.

The noisier it gets out there, the more people want to be in here. In a strong, solid Ford LTD where quiet is built in to stay. We use a computer to locate vibration-free body mounts on the frame. We use heavy gauge steel in the body. We use double-action shocks, rugged suspensions, even acoustically tuned mufflers. It all adds up. To a lot of quiet.

And you get such luxury features as a 351-cu. in. V-8. Power front disc brakes. And options like air conditioning with automatic temperature control. Tilt steering wheel, and four V-8's including our new 400-cu. in. regular fuel V-8.

The '71 LTD. Strong. Luxurious. Quiet. Ford gives you better ideas.

Better idea for safety: Buckle up.

## MEDICINE

### Old Hearts, New Plumbing

It was only 7 a.m., but the operating room in Cleveland Clinic's cardiovascular unit was going full tilt. Nurses, technicians and visiting doctors watched as members of a surgical team took their places around the operating table. With confidence born of experience, the surgeons made a vertical incision from the patient's collarbone to his diaphragm, sawed through his breastbone and then, using a framelike mechanism, spread the rib cage and exposed the pericardium, or heart sac.

As if on cue, Dr. Donald Effler, tall, athletic and at 55 one of the country's leading heart surgeons, strode into the operating room. Taking his place among his subordinates, he slit open the pericardium and examined the heart. Another surgeon, meanwhile, opened the patient's thigh and removed a foot-long section of the saphenous vein, one of four major veins that carry blood from the lower limbs to the heart. Effler began rapping out commands like a drill sergeant, initiating the procedure to shut down the patient's heart and turn its functions over to a heart-lung machine. Then, after stopping the still-beating heart with a split-second electric shock ("Juice!" he demanded), Effler began the operation that would save his patient's life—inserting pieces of vein cut from the leg to bypass two blocked coronary arteries, the heart muscle's principal source of blood.

**Repertory of Repair.** Only four years ago, this and other operations to improve the circulation of blood to overtaxed hearts were either unknown or experimental. Now revascularization, or "replumbing," has become the most popular item in the thoracic surgeon's repertory of heart repairs—and with good reason. Most of the 500,000-plus Americans who die each year of heart disease suffer from atherosclerosis, the buildup of hard, fatty deposits that narrow the coronary arteries and cut off the flow of oxygenated blood to the heart muscles. Only revascularization, which is simpler and safer than transplant surgery, offers many patients a chance for survival.

Effler's team alone has played plumber to more than 5,000 diseased hearts since 1962, and doctors attending last week's meeting of the American Association for Thoracic Surgery in Atlanta report that revascularization is being performed at an increasing number of hospitals. Still, doctors are reaching only a small fraction of their potential patients. Nearly 250,000 Americans a year, or the majority of newly identified atherosclerosis victims under 65, could benefit from reconstructive heart surgery. But because trained personnel and adequate facilities are in short supply, doctors are performing only 25,000 operations a year, a fact that Effler finds appalling.

"This is an essentially simple operation," he says. "It's got to be kept simple because we've got to get heart repair to the community-hospital level."

Though there is still a long way to go, progress to date has been impressive. In 1946, Montreal Surgeon Arthur Vineberg, figuring that the internal mammary artery (see diagram) is dispensable, carefully cut it away from the breastbone, left its upper end in place, and implanted its lower end in the left ventricle, the heart's primary pumping chamber. A decade later, Dr. Charles P. Bailey, then in Philadelphia, developed a procedure called endarterectomy, in which he opened a blocked coronary artery and reamed out a plug of accumulated cholesterol with a device resembling a crochet hook.

**X-Ray Movies.** No one, however, did more to advance the cause of cardiac revascularization than Dr. F. Mason Sones Jr., a Cleveland cardiologist who in 1958 developed a method of mapping the cardiovascular system. Known by the jaw-breaking name of cine coronary angiography, Sones' technique involved inserting a catheter, or thin piece of tubing, into an arm artery, guiding it up through the aorta and then squaring a radiopaque dye through it directly into the coronary arteries. The dye, which showed up clearly on motion picture X rays, made it possible for physicians to see with 90% accuracy exactly where the coronary arteries were blocked. The Sones method also enabled cardiologists to evaluate the results of their operations and proved beyond any doubt that the Vineberg implant measurably improved circulation of blood to the heart muscles.

Armed with this knowledge, Effler began performing Vineberg implants on patients suffering from angina pectoris, the crippling pain that signals insufficient blood supply to heart muscles. But other surgeons, still skeptical, concentrated on alternative approaches. Dr. Philip Sawyer of New York's Downstate Medical Center in Brooklyn developed a

JOE COLLINS



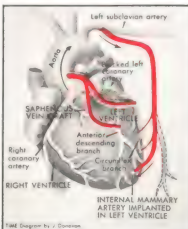
EFFLER IN OPERATING ROOM  
The number is appalling.

method of using pressurized carbon dioxide gas to separate the inner and outer walls of an artery so that the fat adhering to the arterial lining could be more easily removed. Others experimented with widening clogged arteries by inserting gussets made from pieces of the patient's saphenous vein.

All the operations worked moderately well. But what revolutionized revascularization was a procedure developed at the Cleveland Clinic by Dr. René Favaloro, now 48, an Argentine-born surgeon who joined Effler in 1962 to study coronary-artery disease. In an operation first performed four years ago next week, he removed a section of his patient's saphenous vein, attached one end to the blocked right coronary artery at a point below the obstruction, stitched the other to a spot on the aorta above the blockage. The procedure allowed blood to bypass the blockage and greatly improved the heart's blood supply.

**Fast Operator.** Since then, the operation has been refined and perfected. The Cleveland Clinic alone has done nearly 2,000 bypass grafts; institutions like Stanford University Hospital and Massachusetts General Hospital have performed hundreds. Few surgeons are more adept at the operation than Effler, whose team does at least half a dozen a day.

Once the heart has been stopped, Effler calls for the saphenous vein, measures it and cuts off the required length. Then he sews it into place, first below and then above the obstruction. With the first graft in place, Effler repeats the procedure on the right coronary artery and checks to make sure that there is no leakage. This done, he disconnects the patient from the heart-lung machine, restarts the heart with a second electric shock and slips out of the operating





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**GTE SYLVANIA**

room for a breather while an assistant cuts away the mammary artery. A few minutes later, Effler returns, implants that artery in the left ventricular wall and steps back so that his assistants can take over and close the wound.

A fast operator, Effler performs most bypass grafts in about three hours, half the time the procedure once took. "Let me tell you," he warns a group of residents, "that if I ever find any one of you taking six hours for an uncomplicated case, you'll be looking for another appointment the same afternoon." His sense of urgency is understandable. The longer the patient stays on the heart-lung machine, the greater the damage to his blood cells and the higher the risk of postoperative problems.

**Gas and Pass.** Effler and Favaloro believe that bypass grafts, particularly when combined with mammary implants, are the ideal solution to most coronary conditions. Dr. W. Dudley Johnson of Milwaukee, a hard-driving perfectionist who claims credit for the first double and triple bypass grafts, tends to agree, though he differs slightly in his approach to arterial problems. He questions whether angiography tells a surgeon all that he needs to know and feels that some conditions must be observed more thoroughly to be properly evaluated. As a result, Johnson operates on many patients whom the Cleveland crew would reject as unfit. But Stanford's Dr. Norman Shumway Jr., inventor of the heart-transplant technique, has reservations about his colleagues' methods. He believes that mammary implants, which may take months to improve ventricular circulation, are impractical. Instead he combines bypass grafts with the gas endarterectomies in what his operating team calls a "gas and pass" procedure.

All agree that revascularization, like all heart surgery, is risky. Though Cleveland Clinic lost only four of the 255 patients (1.6%) in replumbing procedures performed in February and March of this year, overall in-hospital mortality in such cases is 5%.

**Alive and Well.** For most coronary patients such hazard is acceptable. "Risks are statistics," explains a doctor in Rachel Mackenzie's newly published *Risk* (Viking, \$3.95), an account of her experience with heart surgery. "So far as you're concerned, they're 100%—or they're zero." The doctor is right, and for those who survive heart surgery, the prognosis is promising. Of Johnson's revascularization patients, 77% have survived at least two years after their operations: some of Effler's earliest patients have lived three years with their new plumbing. Most bypass patients are not only alive, but well. A Massachusetts lawyer who underwent an emergency bypass graft a year ago has resumed his law practice, and Jack Chronin of New York, who had his cardiac plumbing redone last October, has recovered even more remarkably. Determined to keep himself and his heart healthy, he has taken up jogging.

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Henry David Thoreau



photograph by André Kertész

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## BEHAVIOR

### And Now, Men's Liberation

Most emotionally secure men have sympathy with the rational aims of the Women's Liberation movement and show either amused tolerance or mild disdain for its more hysterical demands. But among some males, there is a different response. Shaken by the feminist activities and attitudes of their wives or girl friends, they have been drawn into a new social phenomenon: the men's liberation movement.

Across the country, hundreds of men have joined groups that hold monthly or weekly "consciousness-raising" rap sessions, discussions in which they air their anxieties and strive for better understanding of women—and themselves. The movement is spreading, especially on college campuses and in radical communities: there are 30 groups in the San Francisco area alone.

**No More Broads.** At men's-lib meetings, great emphasis is placed on recognizing "male chauvinism." Members compare women to oppressed minorities and castigate themselves as oppressors. They profess to believe, in the words of a University of Wisconsin professor, that "just as the first step for a white man in handling racial prejudice is to confess his own racism, so we are trying to deal with our own chauvinism." How? The general strategy advocated at most men's-lib sessions is to stop calling women "broads" or "chicks" and to take on more responsibility for birth control, child care and housework.

Psychologist Louis Cutrona, a member of a Boston group, has carried the principles of men's lib into the business world. At his consulting firm, he refuses to ask his secretary to bring him coffee in the morning or to cash his checks at the bank. "I don't think that's what a woman has contracted for if she is a secretary," he explains.

Others have gone even further—perhaps too far. Members of a Portland, Ore., group, for example, have used such phrases as "God in heaven. She loves us all." David Bathrick, professor of German at the University of Wisconsin, who began doing housework after his wife joined Women's Lib, is en-

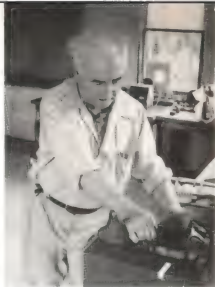
thusiastic about his new outlet. "I really get a kick out of cleaning the bathroom," he says.

Some men who attend liberation meetings seem motivated more by fear of newly militant women than by conscience. "Man it's heavy," mourns one male liberationist. "Like you gotta build a whole new way of seeing her and yourself. You have to fight so you don't slip back the way you used to be, because if you do, man, if you say just one word, then wow, bam, it's over. That's living terror, man." Other male liberationists display anxiety by complaining about the inhuman roles assigned to males by society. In *Brother*, a new Berkeley male-liberation newspaper, a man identified only as Paul writes: "We don't cry. We are machines. And we have been made that way by society because machines are better for production." Another, named Michael, pursues the theme: "We were haunted, taunted men, bombarded by images of what we were not: studs, athletes, intellectuals, leaders, fighters." To counter its readers' concern about the stereotyped male image, *Brother* emblazons the front page of its first issue with 14 photographs of a nude man chosen for his average physique and penis size.

**No More Panic.** For some men's libbers, a limited solution to their anxiety seems to lie in a partial retreat from women. Males, says a manifesto in *Brother*, must stop "salivating at the sight of women" and further develop their relationships with other men. Bob, a professor of philosophy at Portland State College, notes that in his group, the men have become close friends and now "touch each other more." Michael, more to the point, admits that at his meeting, "choking and gagging on the very word, we named the secret, shameful desire/fear: brother-love, homosexuality."

But relatively few men in the movement are worried about or interested in homosexuality. Most of them believe that men's lib has strengthened their relationship with women, making them more sensitive to feminine feelings and easing the panic they experienced when their once-passive wives became active feminists.

PROPAGANDA FOR THE CAUSE



WILHELM REICH

Doing his best to explicate ecstasy.

### The Gospel of Orgasm

Among Freud's many strange pupils, Dr. Wilhelm Reich was surely the strangest. To his disciples, he was a prophet who preached a gospel of orgasm. But many colleagues in Europe put him down as a pornographic charlatan and Communist crackpot. After Reich moved to the U.S., a federal court handed him a two-year sentence for defying a court order that forbade shipment of his notorious but harmless "orgone box" across state lines.\* Yet now, 14 years after his death in the Lewisburg (Pa.) prison, Reich is recognized as a pioneer of the nonverbal, body-oriented therapies that are fashionable in psychiatry today. Reprinted in paperback, his main works (*The Function of the Orgasm*, *Character Analysis*, *The Mass Psychology of Fascism*) have become standard reading in many university psychology departments. Now a skillful popular introduction to the life and therapy of the sexologist (*Me and the Orgone*; St. Martin's Press; \$4.95) has been provided by—would you believe?—the aging merry-andrew of stage and television better known as Orson Bean.

**Black and Blue.** Reich's ideas and Bean's psyche were made for each other. Reich's therapy was designed to shatter what he called "emotional armor," and Bean's New England background had buckled him up tight in rigid inhibitions that ten years of classical analysis had failed to shake. Introduced to Reich's writings by a friend, Bean was fascinated by his theory that emotional and physical health depend on the free flow through the body of orgone energy, which finds its full expression in the Reichian orgasm—a happening that is physiologically similar to a normal orgasm, but is supposedly experienced as

\* The box was a closet-size container made of sheet metal and Celotex. It was said to gather "orgone energy" from the cosmos and transmit it, with beneficial psychological effects, to anyone who sat inside.



a quasi-religious convulsion of cosmic proportions.

On his first visit to the Reichian therapist, Bean was given a fiendish massage that searched out every sore spot in his body and tortured it. He went home black and blue, but breathing deeper than he had in years. Breath is energy, the therapist explained, and the first object of Reichian therapy is to build up a huge reserve of energy in the chest.

**Hip and Groin.** The energy is necessary, Bean was told, for the drastic process of "de-armoring" the seven centers of resistance to the "organoic streamings"—eyes, mouth, neck, chest, diaphragm, abdomen, pelvis. De-armoring begins with strenuous eye exercises accompanied by deep, regular breathing. After several hours of ocular acrobatics, Bean says, he suddenly recalled a dog he had loved and lost as a boy. For the first time since losing the dog, he wept. The exercises, he suggests, cracked the mental armor he had clamped on his eyes and taught him to cry again.

In his therapy sessions, Bean's oral armor was next to go. One day the therapist abruptly told him to stick his finger down his throat and, breathing deeply, gag himself. The instant he did, he remembered his dead mother and "sobbed for five minutes as if my heart would break." When the therapist attacked Bean's pelvis with an agonizing hip and groin massage, he experienced the most "fearsome" emotions of all. But after several sessions of "pounding and kicking and screaming and carrying on like a trapped scorpion," he began to feel "wonderful pleasurable streamings" that ran up and down his body. Whenever the streamings stopped, he felt "more frightened than I have ever felt in my life." Reich called this fear "orgasm anxiety" and likened it to the fear of freedom a prisoner feels when he has just been released from a long term in jail.

**Tragic Swerve.** Then came the reward for 3½ years of therapeutic torture: the Big O. Bean does his best to explicate ecstasy, but words failed even Dante when he tried to describe the mystic experience. "Something in us melted," Bean mumbles. "The sheer wonder of it . . . almost more than could be borne . . . so close."

Bean's account of Reich's life and theory, though written in a style that owes more to Broadway than to Thoreau, is admirably clear and balanced. He over-insists on Reich's greatness. But he also mentions, reluctantly, Reich's final tragic swerve toward insanity: in his late 50s, Reich announced that he was able to make contact with beings from outer space and that President Eisenhower was secretly protecting him from the conspiracy against him involving "Moscow and the Rockefeller's." Yet in his middle years, Reich was a creative theorizer about what ails Western culture. He thought he was a scientist; he was really a nature mystic who sometimes healed by a modern form of an ancient art: the laying on of hands.

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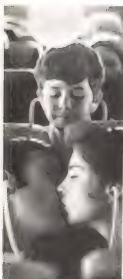
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## SPORT

### Bucks in a Breeze

The Milwaukee Bucks have a problem: they just may be too good for their own good. Last week the Bucks won what could easily be the first of a string of National Basketball Association titles. Like the old New York Yankees, they so humbled their opposition that they robbed the championship of much of its interest. With 7-ft. 2-in. Buck Center Lew Alcindor dominating the last game like a keyhole colossus, Milwaukee beat the Baltimore Bullets 118-106 to sweep the finals in four straight games. It was one of the most lopsided final play-offs in N.B.A. record books.

For all practical purposes, the outcome was decided two weeks ago in the second round, when the charged-up Bullets, led by Guard Earl ("The Pearl") Monroe and Center Wes Unseld, upset the New York Knicks in seven hard-fought games. The defense-minded Knicks, who had beaten the Bucks four out of five games during the regular season, seemed to be the team with the best chance of taking Milwaukee. But with Knick Center Willis Reed hobbled by injuries, the Bullets managed to win that round—although just barely. Going against the Bucks, a team that had defeated them four out of five games in the season, once by the embarrassing margin of 52 points, the Bullets looked like the walking wounded. No fewer than three of their starters—Gus Johnson, Kevin Loughery and Monroe—were ailing. The young Bucks, on the other hand, were not even breathing heavily after demolishing the San Francisco Warriors

and the Los Angeles Lakers in two quick five-game series. About the most optimistic that Bullet Coach Gene Shue got was in his report on the injured Johnson: "He's walking real well."

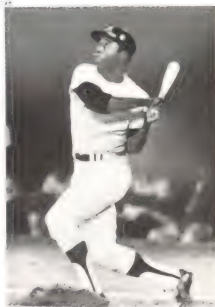
The games seemed to crawl. Before the final, Costello summed up the play by saying: "It's strange. We've beaten them three times and haven't played a good game yet." The final was so one-sided that it looked like the varsity scrimmaging the payvees. The results of the key match-ups—Robertson v. Monroe, Alcindor v. Unseld—told the story. In the series, the Big O outscored the Pearl 94 to 65, while Lew topped Wes 108 to 60. Forward Jack Marin, the Bullets' highest scorer in the series, said of Alcindor: "Every time you make a move to the hoop, you run right into that giant oak tree. You just can't make any penetration, and you can't heat anybody by taking 20-footers all night." After the game, one Baltimore fan offered a solution similar to that so often proposed by the Yankee-haters of old: "Those Bucks oughta be disbanded."

### The Babe Ruth Derby

If the first month of the 1971 baseball season is any indication of things to come, major league pitchers may soon have to start wearing catchers' masks for protection. Consider the events of one fairly typical evening last week. In St. Louis, Joe Torre of the Cardinals banged out three hits, thereby extending his hitting streak to 21 consecutive games (it ended two games later) and raising his batting average to .381. In Pittsburgh, Pirate leftfielder Willie Stargell, who twice this season has hit three home runs in one game, clouted his eleventh homer to set a new record for the month of April. And in a 25-hit slugfest in Atlanta, the Braves' 25-year-old Ralph Garr and the San Francisco Giants' aging (40) Willie Mays collected four hits apiece. The barrage boosted Garr's average to a league-leading .434, and gave added testimony to Mays' contention that "there's a little life in these old bones."

**Souvenir Worth Keeping.** That evening, though, really belonged to the livelier old bones of Atlanta's Henry Louis Aaron. In the first inning, he lined Giant Pitcher Gaylord Perry's first pitch off the right centerfield fence for a stand-up double. Next time up, when Perry tried to jam him with a high inside fastball, Hammerin' Hank hit a 350-ft. drive that sailed over the leftfield wall and caromed back onto the playing field. After retrieving the ball, Third Base Umpire Paul Pryor was presented with a card that read: "I caught Hank Aaron's 600th home run." It was a souvenir worth keeping, for Aaron had just set a career mark surpassed by only two other players—Mays and Babe Ruth.

Aaron's 600th stirred speculation that

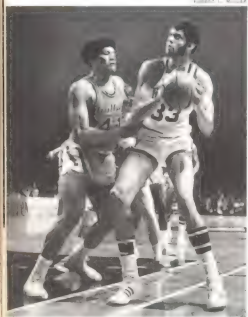


AARON CLOUTING NO. 600

An even bet to break the record.

either he or Mays might break Ruth's once seemingly unassailable lifetime record of 714 home runs. Mays, whose five homers so far this season give him a total of 633, has at best only an outside chance. Though Willie feels he has five more seasons left in him, he is fighting not only time but the wicked left-to-right winds that plague righthanded power hitters in San Francisco's Candlestick Park. Aaron is three years younger than Mays (he turned 37 in February) and also has the advantage of hitting in Atlanta Stadium, where the relatively short fences and calm breezes allowed for 211 home runs last season, more than were hit in any other National League park. Aaron is off to a fast start in his 18th season with eight homers so far. To best Ruth's mark, he must average 24.6 home runs this season and the next four—a tough but not impossible feat for a slugger who has averaged 38.8 homers in the past five years. Many baseball men agree with Las Vegas oddsmaker Jimmy ("The Greek") Snyder, who rates Mays as a 4-1 shot and Aaron as an even bet—barring injuries, of course—in the Babe Ruth derbies.

**Whippy Wrists.** One of baseball's unsung superstars, Aaron is content to swing away and let the records fall where they may. Last season he became the first player in history with more than 500 home runs also to surpass 3,000 hits (a feat since equaled by Mays); his lifetime marks, as of last season, rank him among the top ten in extra base hits (1,224), runs batted in (1,842), total bases (5,610), and slugging percentage (.594). A great natural hitter, the relatively slight (6 ft., 187 lbs.) righthander gets his power from his whippy wrists, which are bigger (8 in. around) than Muhammad Ali's. A no-



UNSELD & ALCINDOR

Fighting a keyhole colossus.

A photograph of a person walking away from the camera down a path in a forest. The ground is completely covered in a thick layer of fallen autumn leaves in shades of orange, red, and brown. Several large, dark tree trunks are visible on either side of the path. The background shows a line of trees and a hint of a green field under a pale sky.

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torious bad-ball hitter, he once hopped out of the batter's box to slug an errant pitch over the wall. "Throwing a fastball by Henry Aaron," Pitcher Curt Simmons once said, "is like trying to sneak the sun past a rooster."

Getting him to expound on his hitting feats is even harder. Last week, while the bat and ball that accounted for No. 600 were being readied for shipment to baseball's Hall of Fame, Aaron sat among a group of reporters and drawled, "One home run is the same as another." Pressed for more, he paused for a moment. "My next goal," he finally said, as the reporters crowded in, pencils at the ready, "is to hit the next one."

### A Gunner Makes History

If ever a horse race was up for grabs, it was the 1971 Kentucky Derby. Hoist The Flag, the heavy winter hook favorite, shattered a leg a month before the big race. At least five other top contenders—His Majesty, Droll Role, Executioner, Run The Gantlet, Salem—dropped out because they were injured or were being saved for other races. With no clear-cut favorite in sight, trainers trotted out a string of long shots on the wild chance that one of them might have a good day. And wild it was, as an overcrowded field of 20, only two shy of the 1928 Derby record, stampeded out of the starting gates.

Given the size of the field, bettors

needed a slide rule and a Ouija board to make any sense out of the odds. Eastern Fleet, for example, finished ninth in the Flamingo and then a few weeks later won the Florida Derby against substantially the same field. After running a woeful seventh in the Wood Memorial, Bold and Able won the Stepping Stone at Churchill Downs by three lengths. California-bred Unconscious, the betting favorite at post time, was unbeaten this year until an Eastern upstart named Jim French defeated him in the Santa Anita Derby. Impetuosity startled even his trainer when he won the Blue Grass Stakes at Keeneland two weeks ago. Among the several dark horses was an import from South America named Canonero II, the only horse on the track that had previously raced the 14-mile Derby distance. But his prospects were dim, according to one tip sheet: "Canonero II. Unknown factor from Venezuela who just got out of quarantine. No horse from abroad has ever won the Derby and he doesn't figure to make history. 100-1."

History was made. Calumet Farm's two entries, Bold and Able and Eastern Fleet, set the early pace. Jim French, moving out from the middle of the pack, was bumped so hard, Jockey Angel Cordero Jr. said later, "that I nearly fell off." Far behind him, Canonero II moved from 18th position and streaked for the outside. At the final turn, Jockey Gustavo Avila cut around the fading front runners and booted Ca-



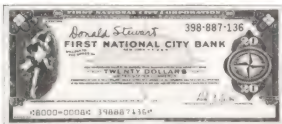
CANONERO II WINNING DERBY  
No longer an unknown factor.

nonero II down the stretch to win going away by 34 lengths. Jim French finished second, two lengths ahead of Bold Reason. The Kentucky-bred colt, who was bought for a paltry \$1,200 at the 1969 Keeneland yearling sales before being shipped to Venezuela, paid \$19,400 and won \$145,500, the largest purse in Derby history. An interpreter for Owner Edgar Caihett, a plumbing supplies manufacturer from Caracas, explained that Canonero means "gunner"—a fitting name for a long, long shot.

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## EDUCATION

### Tame Spring, Troubled Stanford

One year ago this week, the killings at Kent State University fueled mass student protest across the U.S. Now the nation's campuses are encountering the tames spring offensive by radical students in several years.

Still, assaults persist, notably at Stanford University. One recent attack, in Stanford eyes, came from local police. Armed with a search warrant, cops raided the offices of the *Stanford Daily* seeking reporters' notes and photographs that supposedly implicated some participants in a demonstration at the university hospital. While strongly critical of the police, campus officials were equally aghast at a series of violent acts that seemed to be largely the work of non-students.

Six weeks ago, unknown radicals apparently decided to protest the suspension of a Maoist library worker sympathetic to suspended Professor H. Bruce Franklin (TIME, March 15). They sabotaged the library by removing or damaging 11,000 catalogue cards, pulling books from shelves and pouring honey on them. Since then, a different, previously unheard-of radical group has claimed credit for the fire-bombing of an empty patrol car belonging to university police. No group has yet admitted vandalizing a campus drugstore, firing armor-piercing bullets at an electric power transfer station on campus, or setting fires in the car of a law student who is defending radical demonstrators and in several dormitories, including one housing black students.

Two weeks ago, a plastic bomb exploded near Stanford President Richard Lyman's office, causing an estimated

\$25,000 worth of damage. So far, local police, the university's campus cops and the FBI have not made a single arrest. To Lyman, the incidents were a relic of the past rather than a harbinger of the future. "Terrorism," he said, "tends to be the tactic of a protest movement that has no mass following." The *Stanford Daily* seemed to agree. Though past editorials have occasionally taken radical stands, the paper condemned the new violence: "It is chilling to realize that human life is held in as little regard by these revolutionaries as it is by the men who shape our policies in Indochina."

### Faculty Featherbedding

Almost every campus has them: incompetent professors who cannot be fired, much less shamed into quitting. Losers by almost any academic standard, they are actually winners of academe's choicest prize: "tenure" (from the Latin *tenere*, meaning to hold or keep). The system has lately been lambasted by three national commissions on education, is under study at the universities of Utah and Wisconsin, and faces attack in the legislatures of eleven states. Tenure, charges John R. Silber, president of Boston University, has become "a device used by the devil to encourage faculty slothfulness."

Why not abolish this sinecure system forthwith? Unfortunately, the very rules that protect a professor's freedom to stagnate—thereby diminishing the academic freedom of his students—are also the rules that safeguard professors who advocate unpopular ideas or pursue controversial research.

During World War I, scores of U.S. professors were fired for failure to follow

patriotic orthodoxy. During the McCarthy era, tenure rules helped prevent reprisals, though not entirely. Today, unfair firing is quite difficult. Typically, young teachers get up to seven-year probationary appointments; after six years, a departmental committee reviews each newcomer's work and recommends that he either be let go or "given tenure"—referred on a permanent basis.

**Bargain Price.** After that, he can be fired, but only for compelling reasons such as flagrant incompetence, moral turpitude or his college's dire financial straits. The college must present formal charges, usually before a jury-like panel of the professor's colleagues. The rules are enforced by the American Association of University Professors, which threatens to put violating colleges on a "censured" list that warns other professors to avoid working at the blackballed institutions.

Because the Supreme Court now holds that academic freedom of speech and opinion is a constitutional right, critics argue that tenure is no longer necessary. But professors often need all the defending they can get, particularly at small or politically pressured institutions. Last month the A.A.U.P. added five colleges to its censured list for ousting professors who became involved in local controversies. In addition, some job security is important in any profession. Says University of Wisconsin Political Science Professor David Fellman, a former A.A.U.P. president: "Protecting a few incompetents is a price well worth paying for the great number of good people who also are protected."

**Club Protection.** The trouble is that more than a few incompetents are involved. During a decade when professors were in short supply, recruiters offered tenure on such a scale that many campuses are now afflicted with an over-



### Countering the Counterculture

**B.D.**, the football quarterback, views his huddles as T groups and wears his helmet to mixers so the girls will know who he is. Megaphone Mark, the campus radical, has to rehearse the spontaneous outrage that he expects to deliver at his first press conference. Such characters appear in *Doonesbury*, a comic strip of campus life that began in the *Yale Daily*

News in 1968, and is now syndicated in 125 papers, from the *Washington Post* to the *San Francisco Chronicle*. This week American Heritage Press will publish an anthology.

The strip's hero is Mike Doonesbury, a flaky Yale who is unable to score even with the female roommate the college assigns him. His plights provide one of the first humorous counters to

the counterculture, hinting that despite the seeming arrogance of today's undergraduates, campus life is still just a bowl of old-fashioned adolescent insecurities. *Doonesbury's* creator is Garry Trudeau, 22, a Manhattan blueblood (his mother is Fashion Leader Mrs. Harcourt Amory Jr.) who graduated from Yale last year. No *Doonesbury* himself, Trudeau is now confidently dashing off his cartoons in Colorado and plans to return to Yale next year to earn a Master of Fine Arts degree.

# At some companies, the assembly line isn't the only place you find interchangeable parts.

Be wary of the organization whose executive lapses too quickly into the "we're-all-little-cogs-in-the-great-big-wheel, we're-all-just-members-of-the-team" brand of thinking.

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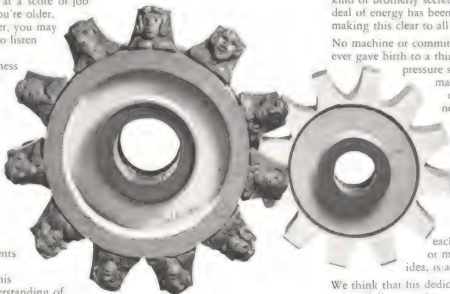
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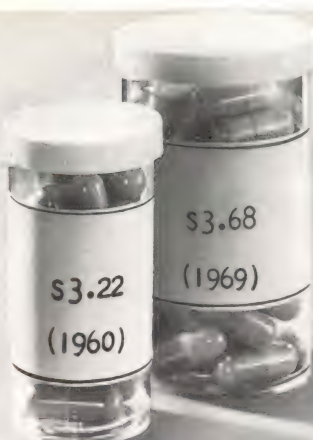
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supply of drones who refuse to make way for younger, more dynamic teachers. The result irks students, to say nothing of diverting tight funds to pay deadwood profs who occasionally neglect their teaching while growing rich on consulting fees. To make matters worse, many administrators are loath to press charges; even when they do, faculty members hesitate to crack down on fellow members of their club.

Tenure review committees are all too well aware that the people who most deserve ousting are those who will have the greatest trouble finding jobs elsewhere. Says Sanford H. Kadish, a law professor at Berkeley and the A.A.U.P.'s current president: "Seven to ten years after a man gets tenure, he has kids in school, he has a house. Forcing him to find another job is not just."

One remedy is simply to limit tenure to perhaps 50% of any faculty, compared with the usual two-thirds to three-fourths who enjoy it now. To that end, some institutions have quit awarding tenure to anyone until their fogies retire, sometimes with the lure of hefty severance pay. The University of Wisconsin's new Green Bay campus is trying a more profound idea: in addition to regular faculty members it hires "lecturers" who agree to waive tenure in exchange for the salary of a full professor.

**Peer Pressure.** Another approach is to make sure that tenured professors keep working productively. At the University of Utah, for example, Law Professor Arvo Van Alstyne is completing a study of tenure that is expected to propose a new code of faculty performance standards, periodic reviews by a faculty committee to check performance, and a top-level ombudsman to hear student complaints of bad teaching. Even if laggard professors could not be fired, they might be required to take refresher courses. Says H.U. President Silher: "One of the most severe penalties we can impose on a faculty member is the intellectual disapprobation of his colleagues."

Other critics say that such reforms will fail unless backed up with believable threats to fire professors who do not shape up. One proposal: give all faculty members contracts for three- to seven-year terms, renewable only if they stay at the top of their form. Massachusetts' Hampshire College is trying such a system; Maryland's St. John's College has used one for years.

On balance, a total abolition of tenure seems unlikely and perhaps undesirable. Says Utah's Van Alstyne: "If tenure is done away with, particularly in the present political climate, the universities may be destroyed. But we must have tenure with accountability, or the people won't stand for it." Mindful of the current financial squeeze, one college president noted at a recent meeting: "Faculties are going to have to go along with modern management procedures, or they'll be arguing about it not in the faculty lounge but in some unemployment line."



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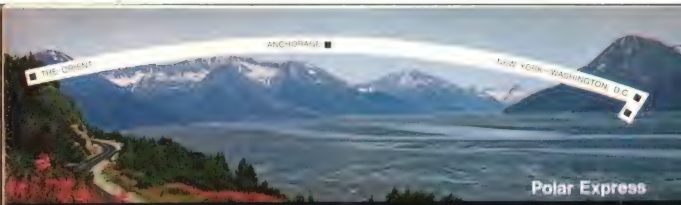
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## RELIGION

### Bishops at Bay

Like most other establishments, the Roman Catholic hierarchy of the U.S. has had some hard times lately. Just three weeks ago, a \$500,000 study of the priesthood commissioned by the bishops themselves concluded that a "serious and potentially dangerous gap" existed between them and their clergy. Last week, as if to confirm the findings, the National Conference of Catholic Bishops met in Detroit and drew its wagons in a circle.

The bishops' reaction to the report was swift and often angry. Most grudge-



JOHN CARDINAL DEARDEN  
*The only progressive.*

ingly accepted the sociological findings, which showed a majority of priests in favor of optional celibacy, but several conservatives pointedly noted that opinion polls do not determine church rules. But scathing attacks greeted a theological report on the priesthood prepared by a committee headed by Jesuit Carl Armbruster, of Illinois' Bellarmine School of Theology.

**Shift Right.** The Armbruster report earned the conservatives' wrath by concluding that there were no Scriptural or dogmatic grounds for forbidding either a married priesthood or the ordination of women. It described the "charism" of celibacy and the "charism" of the ministry as two separate spiritual gifts not always granted to the same person. In reply, Hartford Archbishop John Whealon recommended at a press conference that bishops "abort the present approach" in favor of "scholarly, disciplined theological research."

The most visible index of the conference's shift to the right was its selection of delegates to the worldwide

synod of bishops in Rome this autumn, which will discuss problems of the priesthood. The only progressive in the delegation is Detroit's John Cardinal Dearden, a natural choice since he heads the U.S. conference. The others are clearly conservatives: Philadelphia's John Cardinal Krol, St. Louis' John Cardinal Carberry, and Co-Adjutor Archbishop Leo C. Byrne of St. Paul and Minneapolis, one of the principal critics of the Armbruster report and a major figure in the 1969 resignation of his liberal auxiliary, Bishop James P. Shannon (TIME, Feb. 23, 1970). The alternates—San Francisco's Archbishop James T. McGuiken and Hartford's Whealon—are scarcely more moderate.

Since seven of the church's eleven U.S. episcopal regions voted that celibacy be discussed at the synod, the delegates will at least go to Rome with a mandate to talk about the issue, and they will also report on the ferment among U.S. priests. They will carry with them the consensus of the conference that men already married might be admitted to the priesthood under special conditions. But the delegates—and a majority of U.S. bishops—are opposed to optional celibacy, and that is the message they will take to Rome.

### Cutting the Church's Cut

West Germans beset by inflation have found a novel remedy. At the rate of about 4,800 a week, they are going down to their courthouses to renounce Christianity. They need only endure some red tape, pay a modest fee and in effect excommunicate themselves to escape a surcharge of up to 10% on the income taxes of church members.

Most West European nations have given religion some help since the Middle Ages, when a tenth of a farmer's produce was handed over to the church. But in modern times, West Germany's generosity seems almost spectacular. The Weimar constitution fixed the right of churches to levy their own taxes. After World War II, the West German government even began collecting the tax, largely through withholding from wages. The surcharge nets the Protestant and Roman Catholic churches more than \$1 billion a year.

In the past three years, in growing protest over the tax, an estimated 480,000 Germans have formally renounced their religion. The churches have tried to make the payments more palatable by opening their books, publicizing beneficial uses of the money, and involving laymen more in decision making. But that may not be enough to keep either the churches or their coffers filled. More new churches were built in the past two decades than in the four centuries since the Protestant Reformation; many of these bright new buildings are nearly empty most of the time.



# DANCE



MARCIA HAYDÉE & EGON MADSEN IN TWO ATTITUDES FROM "CARMEN"

## Goyas and Dolls

This *Carmen* is scarcely voluptuous. Rather, she is a kind of molting puma, long in claw and tooth, snarling at a world that is not to her liking. Wanton she may be, but she gets no joy out of it; her eye is out for the main chance, for social advancement rather than sexual gratification. Her quarrel with the overseer of the cigarette factory ends in no mere slap; she tears the poor creature's bodice and carves a bloody cross on her back. Her seduction of Don José is more challenge than submission, and when he ultimately kills her for her faithlessness, she dies in a rage.

Such divergence from the stereotyped passion often associated with Bizet's opera is characteristic of Choreographer John Cranko and his Stuttgart Ballet. Last week the company presented its new *Carmen* as part of a six-week stand in New York that will be followed by a road tour lasting until August. Cranko had sat through scores of *Carmen* operas, and he says "I always thought they were all wrong. If you see in *Carmen* nothing but a nymphomaniac who meets a tenor, seduces him, gets fired of him, then meets a bullfighter—it's a bore." Instead, he went back to the original Mérimée novel to help create *Carmen* as a shrewd, tough outcast—a gypsy in an age when gypsies were treated very much like blacks in an intolerant white society.

**Dissonant Morass.** Not everybody liked it—and with reason. As one expects of Cranko, the ballet had dramatic cohesiveness. Settings, cleverly suggestive of Goya, managed to be both beautiful and forbidding at the same time. In Marcia Haydée (*Carmen*), Richard Cragun (the *Toreador*), and Egon Madsen (Don José), Cranko could field a trio whose ability to project feel-

ing into narrative ballet can hardly be matched. What went wrong was the music. Scorning Bizet, Cranko got German Composer Wolfgang Fortner to produce a dreadful, cacophonous "Bizet collage" incapable of sustaining any nuance of emotion. Worse, the score picked up a bar or two of familiar melody, only to distort it unrecognizably or drown it in a dissonant morass.

**Near Perfection.** The failure, though disappointing, will hardly dampen the Stuttgart's tour. Ever since Cranko, now 43, took over the company ten years ago, he has been building a formidable repertory of splendid, full-length dramatic works. *Romeo and Juliet* was his first success, done to the traditional Prokofiev score. Typically, Cranko stripped the story of many a nonessential, involved the whole town of Verona in the clash of families, including a market-square fight with tossed oranges. He skipped the implausible intricacies of *Romeo's* exile and Friar Laurence's muddle-headed planning and then, to simplify the drama of the final tomb scene, dropped the ritual reconciliation of Capulets and Montagues over the lovers' bodies.

By contrast, Cranko's *Taming of the Shrew* is a near perfection of sadness, sweetness and light. Particularly as danced by Haydée and Cragun (as Kate and Petruchio), Shakespeare's antic frolic, set to a score composed of snatches of Scarlatti music, subtly explores a remarkable range of domestic feeling from dominance to submission and finally to partnership. For Pushkin's *Eugene Onegin*, the fourth full-length storybook ballet that Stuttgart is offering U.S. audiences, Cranko discards the whole Tchaikovsky opera score in favor of a graceful montage that helps make the ballet a romantic matinee idyll.

Hardly anybody had ever heard of the Stuttgart Ballet—a small dance com-

pany paid for out of public funds to supply *divertissements* occasionally interspersed in operas—until the Württemberg State Theater director, Walter Erich Schäfer, had the insight to hire John Cranko and give him his head in 1961. Cranko started by firing half the dispirited little company he inherited, then went shopping all over the world for incipient talent to train. He also began establishing procedures which are, in the customarily authoritarian world of classical ballet, curiously family-like and informal. Deliberately, Cranko keeps no office of his own; instead he conducts daily gab sessions at the theater canteen where, over humdrum food and endless cups of coffee, he and his young dancers, drawn from 20 different countries, exchange ideas. The director encourages them to plan their own ways of interpreting his creations.

**Celebrated Creation.** In some ways the men he has assembled are Stuttgart's strongest asset. Richard Cragun, born in Sacramento, Calif., and trained in Canada, Britain and Denmark, has vast reserves of power, grace and masculinity that make him one of the best dramatic male dancers anywhere. Egon Madsen, a youthful Dane with a baby face, skillfully alternates with Cragun in many dramatic roles: when Cragun is *Romeo*, Madsen is *Mercutio* and vice versa. Backing them both up in the rotational order is a German dancer, Heinz Clauss, whose black-clad *Eugene Onegin* seems as subtly menacing as an elegant spider, as sickly romantic as a young Werther.

Cranko's most celebrated creation, however, is a dancer, not a dance. Marcia Haydée, 5 ft. 3 in., in her pre-Stuttgart days—at London's Royal Ballet School and later as a disconsolate member of the Marquis de Cuevas Ballet—weighed 138 pounds and was known as "the fat Brazilian." Today, at 100 pounds, she has an angular, spindly body that, in repose, sometimes suggests a Mary Poppins more than a *Carmen* or a Kate. But in motion she ranks among the world's top ballerinas. She is also, certainly, one of the world's most effective dramatic actresses, a master of body language who sometimes seems capable of reaching an audience's heart—or funnybone—simply by running barefoot through the Yellow Pages.

**Dramatic Lifts.** Making use of Marcia, and a handful of other new, young ballerinas, Cranko's productions are always attractive, marked by passionate *pas de deux* and dramatic, sometimes almost traumatic lifts. His choreography is far less inventive than it seems at first. But he has few peers at encouraging and developing talent, or in lending dancers the confidence to try new things. The company lacks the Royal London Ballet's palatial size and majesty. It cannot match the Bolshoi's disciplined depth and classical perfection. Yet in versatility and crowd-pleasing dramatic power, Stuttgart can be fairly compared to both.

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## THE PRESS

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The flagship is in rough water.

### Failure on Fleet Street

London's Fleet Street, the home of most of Britain's national dailies and once the newspaper capital of the world, has fallen on hard times. Just how hard became apparent in March, when the tacky tabloid *Daily Sketch* (circ. 760,000) announced that it would cease publication. This month, the *Sketch* will be merged into the troubled *Daily Mail* (circ. 1,800,000), which turns tabloid this week in an effort to stay alive after 75 years as a standard-size sheet. As a result of the merger, 270 journalists and 1,400 production workers will lose their jobs, and that may be just the beginning. Most of the nine remaining dailies are losing money. Only three or four seem financially secure.

Rising production costs and competition from commercial television for advertising are only part of Fleet Street's problem. Thanks to a long tradition of ineffectual management, the newspapers' 40-odd labor unions are able to whip-saw British publishers with wildcat strikes or strike threats close to deadlines that amount to near blackmail. "The unions run our business," concedes Lord Thomson of Fleet, Britain's premier press lord, whose prestigious but money-losing *Times* is desperate for readers. Adds Thomson: "They even censor our papers."

All too true. Last December, production workers halted publication of the *Evening Standard* when its editor re-

fused to remove a cartoon critical of British electrical workers who were staging a nationwide slowdown. Last year the *Sunday Observer* bowed to an ultimatum delivered midway in its press run and removed an anonymous letter criticizing union practices in the newspaper industry. It was, admitted Editor David Astor, "not a very courageous decision."

Management without much backbone has sometimes agreed to split with labor the salaries of workers laid off by technological progress. And some mechanical unions actually receive pay packets for nonexistent workers. Featherbedding on the papers is so blatant that some employees serve on a so-called "cinema shift": they check in, then go out to see a movie and return just in time to check out. The National Union of Journalists, which organizes editorial employees, cannot exert deadline pressure as effectively as the shop unions—and resents it. Says N.U.J. Official Donald Young: "The real problem is that weak-minded management has knuckled under to comparatively unskilled men."

**Fight or Fold.** Some of Fleet Street's newer and more modern-minded proprietors, such as Canadian-born Thomson and Rupert Murdoch (*TIME*, Jan. 12, 1970), are trying to hold the line on budgets and resist union demands. Despite the folding of the *Sketch*, labor shows no signs of surrendering any of its prerogatives, even at the risk of putting thousands more out of work. Of the "popular" papers, the conservative *Daily Express* (circ. 3,500,000) and the pro-Labor *Daily Mirror* (circ. 4,500,000) remain profitable, although both have been losing readers lately to Murdoch's gossipy, gimmicky new *Sun* (circ. 2,000,000). The new daily to be created from the *Mail-Sketch* merger is expected to have a hard time bucking that opposition.

The more serious Tory *Daily Telegraph* and the business-oriented *Financial Times* have good survival prospects, but three great names in British journalism are in danger of disappearing. Faced with strong competition from Thomson's *Sunday Times* and the *Sunday Telegraph*, the Astor-owned *Observer* is given only a marginal chance to survive, as is the daily *Guardian*, which this week celebrates its 150th anniversary. Despite frantic efforts to revitalize its formula, the venerable *London Times* ran \$2,400,000 in the red last year, bringing Lord Thomson's total losses since he bought the paper to a reported \$17 million. "There should be only four national newspapers in Britain today," he says. "It doesn't make sense to have more." Time seems certain to prove him right, and clearly His Lordship hopes the *Times* will be among the survivors. But unless he can steer it out of the sea of red ink soon, the flagship of Fleet Street just may not make it.

### Watch on the Potomac

In a collection of his *New Republic* columns titled *The Nixon Watch*, John Osborne last year wrote that "the study of Richard Nixon requires a steadfast clinging to the fact that he is human. That is not easy." Last week *The Second Year of the Nixon Watch* was published (Liveright; \$5.95) and the Osborne view had changed as little as the book title. He writes: "Mr. Nixon, with his shifts from the stately style and sound content of his formal messages to his reckless rhetoric on the campaign stump, seems to me to make anything approaching a sustained belief in his wisdom, his compassion, his courage, his good faith impossible."

It is a tribute to Osborne's professionalism that despite such searing sentences, he has held the respect, if hardly the love, of the White House's current occupants. He has a passion for fairness and a willingness to admit error; last month, after Presidential Adviser Henry Kissinger complained about a reference to his "sometimes cruel ways" with aides, Osborne straightforwardly apologized in print the following week: "He is right; the word was poorly chosen." White House Press Spokesman Ron Ziegler has been known to cut off reporters' questions, and then give in deferentially to an Osborne rumble from the rear of the room: "I'll take one more from you, John."

**Uncompromising Language.** The Osborne approach to Nixon's programs and policies is often more analytical than critical, and he clearly means it when he writes, as he did in one column dealing with school desegregation, that "it is a pleasure to report that Mr. Nixon has come up with something good." A recent column called the President's revenue-sharing plan "a valid and defensible concept," but observed "there is a basically false quality in Nixon revenue sharing," because the President cannot "come up with enough shared money to make it adequately helpful."

It is Nixon's personal qualities that



OBSERVER OSBORNE  
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TIME, MAY 10, 1971



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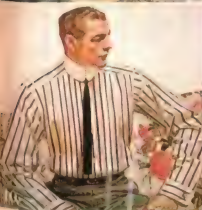
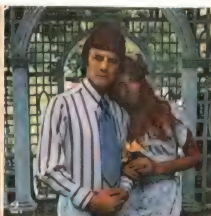
we have: 12. A Special Offer. For a full-color reproduction of an original Arrow Collar Man painting in poster form,

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# The living Cutty Sark.



Cutty Sark, greatest of the clipper ships, still lives at Greenwich, England. Since 1957, when she was opened as a memorial to Britain's merchant seamen, over 4 million people have walked her decks, marveled at her fantastic display of clipper era memorabilia and tried, if only for a moment, to experience the magic of the days of wooden ships and iron men.

The Long John Silver figurehead collection, the last remains of over 100 famous merchantmen and only one of the many clipper era exhibits on view aboard Cutty Sark.



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Cutty Sark's century-old reputation is honored by the Scots' whisky that took her name. For generations, Cutty Sark has blended only Scotland's best whiskies to create the exceptional Cutty Sark taste...and the character only Cutty Sark can offer. Cutty Sark. It stands alone. You'll know why.

**Cutty Sark...the only one of its kind.**



Cutty Sark's cutty sark.

Cutty wore, atop her mainmast, this gilded replica of the short-skirt that gave her her name. It was lost off Africa in 1916, discovered some 40 years later in London. Today, back aboard, it's one of Cutty Sark's proudest relics.

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The Longfellow Corporation, Inc., New York, N.Y. 10008, and Bottling in Scotland, Blend 100 Proof.

bring from Osborne uncompromising language: "The viewed Nixon—the sullen mouth twitching on order into that spurious smile, the quality of cold and unceasing calculation to be seen in his little eyes—aroused in me a sense of ingrained and ineradicable cheapness."

Osborne works as hard at reporting as he does at writing—he sometimes locks himself up for hours sharpening the language of his columns—and he has good pipelines into the high echelons of the Administration. Last week's column revealed the existence of a memo from Nixon to Kissinger as far back as Feb. 1, 1969, instructing him to explore all available avenues for better relations with China. It is this kind of special detail that Osborne regularly digs out for his readers, adding depth and dimension to his commentaries.

**Moving Left.** Osborne pursues sources privately, preferring the telephone or the quiet office chat to the more public techniques of lunching at well-known Washington restaurants or badgering at press briefings. If he receives a fair amount of White House cooperation, even though he represents a liberal, anti-Nixon publication, it is partly because of the Osborne manner. His thin gray hair and elongated face convey senatorial dignity. His deep bass voice is thick with the accent of Corinth, Miss., where he was born 64 years ago. Osborne attended Southwestern University and the University of Colorado, got his first job at the *Memphis Commercial Appeal* at 20.

He moved from there to the Associated Press, the *Knoxville Journal*, the old *Washington Herald* and, in 1936, to *Newsweek*. In 1938 he switched to *TIME*, serving as writer, foreign editor, then foreign correspondent. "At *TIME*," he says, "I was known as a pretty conservative type. I suppose I've moved somewhat left." Osborne served *TIME* in several capacities, including foreign editor and chief editorial writer, before he left in 1961. After a freelance period, he joined the *New Republic* in 1968.

**Wife's Tribute.** Through it all, Osborne says, he has had a compulsion to find out and write about what makes Presidents the sort of men they are. "You get some feel of the temperature of the place, what they're anxious about, a thermometer reading," he says. "I try to make the President and his actions understandable, not necessarily likable or supportable."

Osborne admits that Nixon remains an enigma. He says: "The Nixonologists of the press are reduced, most of the time, to applying to their study of the President the processes of deductive guessing that Kremlinologists and students of the Hanoi and Peking hierarchies have to rely upon." To Osborne, Nixon "appears to have imposed upon everybody who works for him a rule of reticence." As a tribute to the President's success, Mrs. Osborne has presented her husband with a handsomely bound volume stamped "All I Know About Nixon—by John Osborne." Every page is blank.

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## MILESTONES

**Divorced.** Bess Myerson Grant, 46, former Miss America (1945) and now commissioner of consumer affairs for New York City; by Arnold Grant, 63, a New York attorney; no children. It was their second parting. They were first married in 1962, divorced five years later, and remarried in 1968.

**Died.** Elmo Roper, 70, dean of modern political pollsters; in Norwalk, Conn. Roper first realized the value of polls in the late 1920s, when he became an ace clock salesman by sampling the tastes of his customers. He co-founded a New York market-research firm in 1933 and then became the first pollster to adapt scientific sampling techniques in forecasting an election; he predicted F.D.R.'s 1936 plurality within one percentage point of the popular vote. The *Literary Digest*—then the big gun of polling—picked All Landon as the winner. Though he conducted polls for *Fortune* and commented on public opinion in a syndicated newspaper column, Roper inveighed against "that new breed of animal—the poll-itician."

**Died.** Dr. Karl Blessing, 71, former president of West Germany's Bundesbank; of a heart attack; in Rastau, France. An advocate of tight-money policies, Blessing first rose to national prominence as the youngest member of the directorate of Hitler's Reichsbank, a post he lost in 1939 for opposing the Führer's rearmament policies as inflationary. As Bundesbank president from 1958 to 1969, he fought tenaciously for the stability of the mark during his country's 1966-67 recession and carried out a 9% upward revaluation of the mark.

**Died.** T.V. Soong, 77, former Chinese Nationalist official and member of the fabled Soong "dynasty"; of food lodged in his windpipe; in San Francisco. The Harvard-educated son of a Shanghai Bible publisher, and wealthy brother-in-law of both Sun Yat-sen and Chiang Kai-shek, Soong was called the Alexander Hamilton of China for making economic reforms as Chiang's young Minister of Finance. Soong later rallied the support of Shanghai bankers for the Generalissimo in his 1927 power struggle with the Communists. But during World War II Soong cooperated with Chou En-lai in forging a Nationalist-Communist alliance against the invading Japanese. As Foreign Minister, Soong shuttled among Western capitals seeking financial help for his government. He scored his biggest success with F.D.R. Appointed Premier in 1944, Soong resigned two years later after failing to solve his country's critical fiscal problems. He moved to New York shortly before the Nationalists fled to Taiwan in 1949. The following year, Soong declined Chiang's invitation to join the island government.

Diet dodge:



Enjoy an ice cream cone shortly before lunch.

# Sugar can be the willpower you need to undereat.

When you're hungry, it usually means your energy's down.

By eating something with sugar in it, you can get your energy up fast.

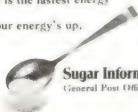
In fact, sugar is the fastest energy food around.

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Working at home used to give a businessman extra time to work at solving problems, making decisions and anticipating future needs. But paperwork is beginning to take up as much of the business night as it does of the business day.

And while your paperwork load is increasing all the time, with the proper tools it should be possible for you to decrease the problems it's causing you.

IBM makes a complete range of word processing machines that can help you get thoughts out of your head, through your secretary's typewriter, copied and distributed for action in a lot less time and with a lot less effort than it's probably taking now.



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A man and a woman are standing in the ocean, waist-deep in water. The man is on the left, shirtless and wearing dark swim trunks. The woman is on the right, wearing a red one-piece swimsuit. They are both looking down at a can of Club Cocktails that the woman is holding. The can is orange and has the word "Club" on it. The background is the blue water of the ocean.

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## BUSINESS

# The Recession Is Over, But . . .

**TECHNICALLY**, the recession of 1970 ended late last year or early this year, when the nation's total output began again to grow faster than its rate of inflation. But is real prosperity back on the scene? In some key parts of the economy, a state approaching prosperity has indeed returned, yet this year's first-quarter results were far from evidence of fast or full recovery. Says Economist Robert B. Johnson, vice president of Wall Street's Paine, Webber, Jackson & Curtis: "It's quite true that the economy is turning the corner. But one thing is sure—it isn't doing it on two wheels."

Whatever the speed, wheels are clearly leading the way. Compared with last year, General Motors' post-tax earnings in 1971's first quarter jumped 75%, to \$610 million, capping the heaviest quarterly sales in its history. That was largely the result of a buying spurge following the lengthy auto workers' strike, but G.M. reports that pent-up demand has now been wholly satisfied. Profits also climbed sharply at Ford (up 37%, to \$169 million) and at Chrysler, which reported first-quarter earnings of \$10.8 million vs. a loss of \$27.4 million in the equivalent period last year.

Major firms in the oil, tobacco, railroad and electronic industries scored profit gains as well. Still, the overall earnings growth is hardly spectacular, especially since it is computed against a bad first quarter in 1970. Alan Greenspan, a Republican economist close to the Administration, estimates that overall after-tax profits for the year's first three months rose only about 3.9% above those of a year ago.

**Construction Spurt.** There are a number of more favorable portents. The long-reticent U.S. consumer may finally be in a shopping mood: retail sales for mid-April were 7% above those for a year ago, and last week Motorola reported a 65% jump in unit sales over April 1970. A continuation of the high level of residential building and a sudden spurt in other construction (up 6% for March on the Dodge index) encourages hope that the owners of all this new living and working space will decide to buy furniture and appliances for it in the not-too-distant future.

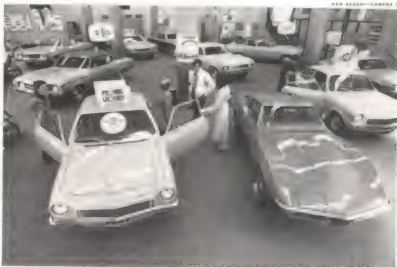
The steel industry is thriving, though not for very encouraging reasons. Its customers are stockpiling against the possibility of a strike beginning Aug. 1. Before then, industry leaders expect to be operating at flat-out capacity and to surpass their alltime quarterly production record of 28.5 million tons. Partly because of that pace, the nation's economy is expected to show a gain in the second quarter but then enter a slug-

gish third quarter, when the steel mills will be either shut down by a strike or slowed down while customers live off their stockpiles.

**Cautious Hiring.** President Nixon is taking every opportunity to buoy up business confidence. Last week he told 3,000 delegates to the annual meeting of the U.S. Chamber of Commerce that "we are on our way to a period of solid, sustainable expansion." Nixon's words held little succor for one group of increasingly dejected Americans—some 5.2 million unemployed workers.

the market is widely expected to pass the long anticipated milestone of 1,000 by year's end.

There are few mystical breakthroughs expected for the rest of the economy, and that is just how the Administration now seems to want it. "What we need is a gradual climb in the rate of growth, a gradual decline in the rate of unemployment," Treasury Secretary John Connally said recently. "The last thing we need is a volatile type of economy in this country." Any big surge, he fears, would reignite the consuming fires



G.M.'s MANHATTAN SHOWROOM

Wheels are leading the way.

the largest number of jobless citizens in the U.S. since 1941. The depressed aerospace and defense giants do not plan to hire in the foreseeable future. There are currently 352,000 Viet Nam veterans on the jobless rolls, and they will continue to have trouble finding work; so will this June's college graduates. Defenders of the President's economic policies, pointing out that there is always a lag between a business recovery and new hiring, maintain that the current 6% unemployment rate will soon shrink. But it may well do so more slowly than in past recessions.

**Gradual Climb.** Though the Administration's policies have failed the unemployed, they have apparently helped spark confidence among investors. Over the past eleven months, the Dow Jones industrial average has soared 49%. Most analysts expect at least a modest downward "correction" during the next few months, and indeed the index fell six points last week, closing at 942. Even if there is a bigger drop ahead,

of inflation—and the specter of sharply rising costs remains businessmen's No. 1 worry.

Others complain that because of Nixon's gradualist policy, the economy remains stunted. "What we are headed for is a period of limping prosperity," says Economist Lester Greene of the University of San Francisco. "Unemployment will continue to be a nagging problem, and we will also have a profit squeeze as a way of life." Many Democrats are urging the President to stimulate the economy by adopting right now the income tax cuts scheduled for 1972 or even by reinstating the 7% investment tax credit. Says Arthur Okun, former chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers: "The chance of getting the brisk economy that the country needs is less today than several months ago. 1971 will be a year of distinct but distinctly modest recovery." Whether the right word is "modest" or "gradual," it is certainly far from "boom."

# Japan, Inc.: Winning the



SONY HEADQUARTERS IN TOKYO



DATSUNS READY FOR EXPORT TO U.S.



IN 1953, a young businessman named Akio Morita made his first trip outside Japan to investigate export prospects for his struggling little electronics company. He was dismayed to find that in the sophisticated markets of the U.S. and Europe, the words Made in Japan were a mocking phrase for shoddiness. But in The Netherlands, he recalls, "I saw an agricultural country with many windmills and many bicycles, and yet it was producing goods of excellent quality and had worldwide sales power. I thought that maybe we Japanese could do it too."

Indeed, they could. A month ago, Morita took off on his 94th or 95th trans-Pacific trip (he has lost exact count). This time he came as the self-assured export chief and primary owner of Sony Corp., the firm that as much as any other has made Japanese goods synonymous with high quality as well as low price. In Chicago, he told security analysts that Sony last year rang up sales of \$414 million, more than half from exports to 147 countries of radios, tape recorders, TV sets and other products. In London, he went over sales projections for the color TV sets that Sony began marketing in Britain last month; the company expects to sell 50,000 the first year at \$480 each, or \$600 for the lowest-priced British-made sets. On the Continent, Morita checked on construction plans for a multimillion-dollar Sony distribution and service center to be located, fittingly, in The Netherlands.

The trip was not all triumphal procession, however. In the U.S., Morita ran into a storm of ill will, stirred up by a Government finding that "Japanese manufacturers" have been dumping TV sets—selling them in the U.S. at prices below those charged in Japan. For the time being, Morita says, Sony must post a 9% deposit with Washington on every TV set that it imports. Morita concedes that some Japanese TV makers practice dumping, but he insists that his company is not among them and contends that U.S. Treasury officials admitted as much to him. "Although we are innocent," he says, "we are being forced to act as if we were guilty."

## The Power and the Danger

Morita's trip thus symbolized both the power and the peril of Japan's rising position in the modern industrial world. Starting from a postwar pile of rubble in a nation almost devoid of raw materials, Japan's businessmen have built an economic superpower. Today it is flooding markets from Manila to Milwaukee with shoes, ships and steel, cameras, cable, cloth and cars, transformers, TV sets, tape recorders and, of course, the ubiquitous transistor radios. To many admiring but fretful Westerners, Japan has become a corporate state, and is even referred to as "Japan, Inc."

The Japanese economy is the third most productive in the world, exceeded only by those of the U.S. and the Soviet Union. The gross national product has multiplied from \$26 billion in 1956 to more than \$200 billion today. Japan produces one-sixth of the world's steel and half of its ships. The Japanese treasury, almost bare 13 years ago, now bulges with more than \$5 billion worth of reserves. The country's exports have almost doubled in four years to more than \$19 billion last year, and have risen 20% or more in each of the past three years.

## The Human Side

Every day, thousands of neatly dressed, briefcase-toting Japanese businessmen, technicians, engineers and salesmen swarm over the globe—inspecting, surveying, planning, advising, bargaining, buying and selling. One group is now in Hanoi, working on an agreement to help the North Vietnamese set up a shipping firm, textile plant and garment factory. In Zambia, geologists are surveying copper fields. On Vancouver Island, lumber men are demonstrating a new technique for cutting timber that used to be considered waste. Other groups are supervising production of Honda motorbikes in Brussels, studying sites for a hotel in Alaska and building a steel mill in South Africa, where the Japanese are considered honorary whites. In any market that arouses their interest, the Japanese use *jinkai senjitsu* (human-sea tactics), inundating the area with trade delegations and survey groups. Local businessmen sometimes feel that they are being overwhelmed by sheer force of numbers.

Fearful and resentful, European nations have built a daunting array of barriers against Japanese goods; Italy alone has 46 import quotas directed specifically against them. Asian leaders also complain. Antonio Villegas, mayor of Manila, recently inveighed against the "insidious Nipponization of the Philippines"—then excused himself to greet a visiting delegation of Japanese advertising men. Says K.S. Yossundara, an official of the Bank of Thailand: "The average Thai wakes up to the call of a Japanese alarm clock and probably brushes his teeth with Japanese dental cream. His car or motorcycle is Japanese, and so are his shirts and trousers. Even the movie he watches on a Japanese TV set may well be Japanese."

The deluge of Japanese imports is arousing an angry protectionist reaction in the U.S.—Tokyo's wartime conqueror turned No. 1 trading partner (see *Symposium, page 90*). Fully 30% of Japan's exports go to the U.S. As recently as 1964, Japan bought more than it sold in U.S. trade. Since then, the popularity of Sony TVs, Nikon cameras, Panasonic radios, Toyota and Datsun cars, and Honda and Yamaha motor-

SUPERTANKER LEAVING YOKOHAMA SHIPYARD



# Most Important Battle

bikes has turned the picture upside down. Materials-short Japan is a big and growing consumer of American coal, lumber and even soybeans, but in each of the past three years its sales to the U.S. have exceeded its purchases by more than \$1 billion. The American shoe, textile, electronics and other industries have not only lost sales and profits to the Japanese but jobs as well. A member of the Nixon Cabinet voices the alarmist view held in some high Government circles: "The Japanese are still fighting the war, only now instead of a shooting war it is an economic war. Their immediate intention is to try to dominate the Pacific and then perhaps the world."

The business backlash stings Japan in many ways. The U.S. is negotiating tighter quotas on Japanese steel and has just agreed on a quota for stainless-steel flatware. Many businessmen want the Government to go much further. Last year protectionists raced through the House a bill authorizing quotas on any foreign product that won as much as 15% of a U.S. market. The chief target: Japan. The bill died in a Senate adjournment rush, but the import debate has resurfaced this year in a way that could poison U.S.-Japanese political relations.

## Closed-Door Policy

The most incendiary battle centers on imports of Japanese textiles. Last year they accounted for only 1.3% of total U.S. textile sales, but they have been heavily concentrated in certain segments of the market. Japanese sweaters and woolen fabrics increasingly infiltrate the U.S. market, and imports of man-made fibers from the Far East soared 75% in the first two months of this year, probably a third came from Japan.

President Nixon in 1968 promised protection to the politically powerful Southern textile industry. Two months ago, the Japan Textile Federation offered to limit shipments to the U.S. for three years starting July 1; they would rise only 5% the first year and 6% in each of the next two years. Those limits were not stiff enough to satisfy U.S. trade hawks, and Nixon turned the offer down. The President then further tangled the textile situation by mixing it up with international politics. He decided to submit to the Senate a treaty returning Okinawa to Japan, rather than handing it back by administrative action as he had led Tokyo to expect. If the Southern textile bloc can sew up 34 Senate votes, it can defeat the treaty. Okinawa is such an emotional issue in Japan that a defeat could topple Prime Minister Sato's government.

As the political snag over textiles shows, the dangers of a U.S.-Japanese trade split go far beyond economics. Japan has been the greatest force for postwar stability and progress in Asia,

largely because its industrialists have channeled the vigor of the Japanese people into peaceful pursuit of markets. If that Japanese trait is denied commercial expression, it could explode in frustration. Averting a U.S.-Japanese blow-up will require a much deeper understanding of the nature of the friction than either side has shown so far. Many Japanese leaders play down the American resentment as being largely a consequence of the 1970 U.S. recession, and they figure that it will fade as business continues to revive. Even Sony's Morita, who knows the American mind well enough to have outguessed some U.S. marketing men as to what products would sell well, takes that line: "I have been a salesman for 20 years," he says, "and I know that whenever a salesman's customers do not want to buy, he starts blaming someone else."

In fact, the U.S. reaction reflects more than pain in the pocketbook. American executives are enraged by what they regard as Japan's refusal to observe the rules of the game of world trade. Many American businessmen contend, with some justification, that the Japanese dump not only TV sets but also steel, textiles, float glass and radio tuners. U.S. industrialists also complain bitterly (and enviously) about the special help their Japanese rivals get from the Tokyo government: official blessings for cartels formed to win big foreign orders, lavish and extensive government-financed studies of which overseas markets might be easiest to crack, low-interest loans to exporters from the government-dominated banking system, and the lowest corporate taxes in the industrial world.

Most of all, Americans are incensed by the way that Japan, while invading foreign markets, has closed its domestic economy to many foreign goods and most foreign capital investment. Supposedly, that situation is changing. In 1969, Tokyo maintained quotas or other barriers against 120 categories of imports. Last January, the number was cut to 80, and this month it is supposed to go to 60; the Japanese have pledged to reduce it to 40 by September. They also promise to open nearly all their "pureblood" industries to either 50% or 100% foreign ownership by Aug. 1.

## Clogs, Not Cars

Even after the next stage of liberalization, foreigners will not be able to send in many products—including unlimited quantities of oranges and some airplanes and machinery—or to invest in the manufacturing of large computers, certain electronic items and petrochemicals. The Japanese government rejects many investment applications, stalls on others, attaches unacceptable conditions to still others. Ford and Chrysler have been delayed for years in attempts to buy into the booming Japanese auto industry,



OVERSEAS-BOUND SALESMEN AT TOKYO AIRPORT



RAW-MATERIALS BUYERS AT CANADIAN MINE



SONY REPRESENTATIVES IN MANHATTAN



MORITA & FAMILY AT HOME  
A nickelodeon amid woofers and tweeters.

and General Motors has won permission for only a limited investment: 35% ownership of a joint venture with Isuzu Motors, a truck maker. Says James Adachi, president of the American Chamber of Commerce in Japan: "We can set up a factory to make *geta* [Japanese wooden clogs], or open a supermarket, so long as it is smaller than 500 square meters."

#### Inscrutable Economics

The real cause of the present strain is that the U.S. is confronting something totally new in the world: a mighty industrial economy that has been shaped by Oriental history and psychology. If Japan does not follow the gentlemanly trade rules, it is not because of simple greed but because it does not adhere to Western principles on much of anything. To outsiders the Japanese economy seems inscrutable in ways alternately amusing and shocking.

Industry is cartelized to a point that would make John D. Rockefeller envious. Companies carry a burden of bank debts that would drive a U.S. executive to drink—or his company to the brink. Above all, every part of the Japanese economy is directed toward a national goal, and almost everybody feels a sense of participation in achieving it. Bureaucrats, bankers, business executives, workers—all labor hard to make Japan a world power through economics.

The economy is an expression of a society that values order, security, harmony and industry. Japan has become the world exemplar of what in the West is called the Protestant ethic. The reasons behind Japan's work ethic lie not in its Buddhist and Shinto religions but in its history and geography. The mountainous nation has always been a tough place to scratch out a living. The peasant who did not labor hard simply starved, partly because medieval lords

took as much as 80% of his rice crop in taxes. Necessity was transmuted into virtue: the busy man is a good man. To this day, it is considered respectful to greet superiors by saying, "*O-iso-gashii desho* [You must be in an honorably busy state of affairs]."

Single-minded dedication to a goal is easier to achieve in Japan than in the West because Japan is the largest homogeneous society on earth; there are only tiny racial or even linguistic minorities among its 104 million people. Harmony and order are also essential because the Japanese have always been jammed together on small patches of arable land. The physical proximity of the Japanese breeds tension, which can be discharged by hard work, but there is literally no room for aggressively individualistic behavior. There is a violent undercurrent that sometimes leads to street demonstrations or parliamentary brawls, and the Japanese struggle to contain it. Akira Suzuki, a leading scholar, regards the renowned ambiguity of his country's language as a manifestation of the need that Japanese feel to try to get along with one another. "If we spoke more clearly to each other," he says, "we might end up clashing in fistfights all day long."

This characteristic finds an echo in business conduct. Western executives are often perplexed and sometimes misled by the extreme reluctance of the courteous Japanese to answer any suggestion with a flat no. Japanese are equally shocked by Western bluntness. Yoshio Terazawa, executive vice president of U.S. operations for Nomura Securities, a giant brokerage house, recalls the dismay of a colleague who watched an American lawyer spend hours haggling over the fine print of a contract. In Japan, such matters would be settled by gentlemen's agreement.

Another element in Japan's economic psychology is its long history of cultural isolation. When the nation was finally opened to the West a century ago, the Japanese felt a morbid fear that they were behind the rest of the world and a compulsive drive to catch up. In that drive, the World War II defeat and the U.S. occupation turned into a major plus. Occupation authorities purged the old, politically oriented heads of Japanese businesses, replacing them with well-trained technicians who had learned many lessons during the war. (Today's superb Japanese camera lenses, for example, are the end result of wartime research into range finders.)

#### Advantages of Being in Hock

Forbidden by the American-imposed constitution to buy modern weaponry, Japan has been able to concentrate investment on automated industry. The destruction of its factories by wartime bombing left it free to rebuild with the latest technology. To do that quickly the new industrialists bought patents and licenses from everywhere. Says Shigeo Nagano, chairman of Nippon Steel, which today produces more tonnage than any other company in the world: "So long as we had to start from nothing, we wanted the most modern plant. We selected the cream of the world's technology. We learned from America, Germany, Austria and the Soviet Union and adapted their methods in our own way." In particular, the Japanese developed a strategy of looking for "technological gaps"—advances that were not being fully exploited in the West. The oxygen steelmaking process, for example, was developed in Austria, but Nagano and his colleagues were quicker to ap-

## New York City

THE nighttime population of Manhattan office buildings consists largely of porters, cleaning women—and anese. At 5 p.m., executives of roughly 400 Japanese company branches in New York say good night to their American office neighbors. For a while after, they busy themselves with desk work or go out to dinner. Then, at 8 p.m., they start an important part of their job: the long nightly round of telephone consultations with headquarters in Tokyo, where the clocks read 9 a.m.—it is the next day. Small wonder the folks back at the home offices of their 3,900 business representative New York *chokazoku*—or "the overseas tribe."

They are the elite among the front troops of Japan's export drive. For Japanese, New York is a prize foreign assignment because it is the corporate vital of the U.S. Besides, the skyscraper neon lights, choking traffic and pollution make it seem almost like home. "I cannot find a city nearer to it than

precipitate its quality and cost-saving features than their Western rivals were. More than 80% of Japan's steel is now made in oxygen furnaces, the highest proportion in the world.

Faced with a severe postwar capital famine, all industry had to borrow heavily from government-regulated banks. Even today, Japanese companies generally get more than 80% of their financing from loans and less than 20% from sale of stock—about the opposite of the ratio in the U.S. Nagano estimates that Nippon Steel's debt is equal to what four or five American steel companies would owe. To a Western executive that might seem to leave the economy extremely vulnerable to a Penn Central-type collapse, Japanese find that being in hock has its advantages: corporate Pooh-Bahs do not have to worry about paying high dividends or showing plump profits to keep stockholders happy.

To a large extent the Japanese worker has financed this system. His phenomenal savings rate, a product of the desire for security, has fed funds to the industrial machine. Last year the Japanese saved 19.4% of their incomes; in the U.S., a 7% savings rate is considered startlingly high. Observes Morita: "Saving is a hobby of the Japanese people."

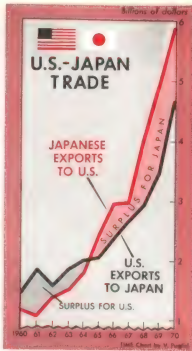
#### The Charm of the Company Union

In order to help industry produce inexpensively and expand quickly, workers long had to accept low wages. In return, they received an implied guarantee of lifetime jobs in the companies that they joined fresh out of school. That security has bred one of the world's most contented work forces. Japanese workers rarely strike, and absenteeism is almost unknown. Unions lately have become

more vocal. Wages climbed an average 18% last year—but, incredibly, productivity rose 14%. Japan's average wages, now 94¢ an hour, passed Italy's in 1969 and France's last year.

One reason that productivity is soaring is that unions have not resisted new technology. If a man's skill becomes obsolete, his company retrain him for something else, with no loss in pay. Employers thus have great freedom to shift workers from one job to another and can invest huge sums to train them without worrying that they will jump to competing firms. As a result, workers tend to identify with the company rather than with a particular skill, a fact that is reflected in union organization. Says Morita, smiling: "Our labor situation is better than yours, because in the U.S. your unions are independent. In Japan, all our unions are company unions."

For both worker and executive, the company is the center of life. Workers often display a quaint family spirit, referring to "my" company, and *my* is written with the same Japanese character that represents *family*. They often cheer each other when changing shifts, like baseball players applauding a teammate who has just hit a home run. It is rare for a major executive to leave on a business trip without getting a rousing send-off from the entire office staff at the airport. At Matsushita Electric, Nissan Motors and other firms, the day begins with everybody assembling to sing the company song. At Toyota the day opens with five minutes of supervised calisthenics. There is a vast range of fringe benefits: discount meals at plant cafeterias, cut-rate vacations at company resorts, cheap rental in company apart-



ment houses (roughly \$10.80 a month for a two-room flat in one Nippon Kokan building in Yokohama).

The head of a Japanese company is bowed and scraped to by gaggles of company-smocked office girls, drivers and flunkies. The company-paid geisha party for executives is still common, though some newer firms are getting away from it. Almost always, the businessman's wife must accept a new form of concubine: the company. In a recent survey, 68% of the Japanese managers polled said that business was more important to them than their families.

#### Banzai for Swapping

The executive spends much time talking with officials of other companies, because the tradition of cooperative effort has resulted in a clubby Japanese-industry organization. The prewar *zaibatsu* cartels of Mitsui, Mitsubishi and Sumitomo were broken up under the U.S. occupation and supposedly have come together again only loosely. But presidents of the 27 Mitsubishi companies meet one Friday every month; it is an open secret that they plan common strategy at "the Friday Club." The 17 Mitsui presidents meet one Thursday every month, and the 17 Sumitomo presidents one Monday a month. The big borrowers from the Fuji Bank have a council known as Fuyo Kai, which includes the heads of Hitachi (electrical machinery), Nissan Motors (autos) and Nippon Kokan (steel). The clubs divide up markets like so much sukiyaki. When Communist China recently decreed that it would not trade with Japanese firms that do business with South Korea or Taiwan, the clubs quickly reached an understanding: Mitsui and Mitsubishi decided to concentrate on South Korea and

## "Overtime Tribe"

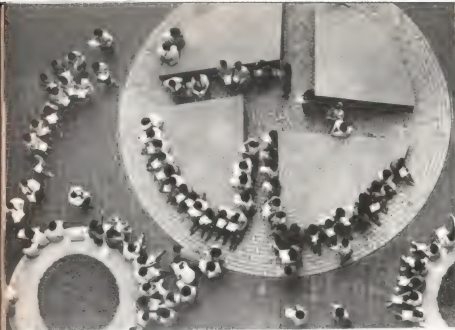
York," says Norio Ochi, director of the Japan Trade Center in Manhattan. The average tour of duty is three years; and all but top executives must leave their wives and families in Japan for at least the first six months.

Every Japanese businessman overseas is partly an economic intelligence agent who is expected to pick up all the news about new products, processes and practices. The Japanese in New York are avid readers and clippers of U.S. newspapers, newsmagazines and Government publications. One favorite: *Commerce Business Daily*, which lists Government contract awards and subcontracting leads. Fairly typically, Shinichi Uozumi, president of Dentsu Corp. of America, a branch of Japan's largest ad agency, gets up at 5 a.m. so that he can read for two hours before setting out on foot for his office.

Westerners who deal with the Japanese are struck by their practice of making business calls in groups. The Japanese come so well prepared for con-

ferences that some Americans believe that they have rehearsed their speaking parts, like actors in a play. On almost all occasions, the Japanese courteously but firmly steer the conversation to commerce. They are patient and persistent bargainers. Even on a golf course, overseas Japanese businessmen occasionally jot down notes of a conversation between punts.

The *chokazoku* tend to be clannish. Two-thirds of them reside in Queens, many in the Flushing neighborhood. About 150 bachelors have crowded into a building on Manhattan's West 103rd Street, where they rent rooms for \$6 a day. For relaxation, the Japanese gather in the Nippon Club, which is across the street from Carnegie Hall, or in East Side piano bars for a drinking tour to let off tension. On Sundays, those who do not play golf with American business contacts play golf with each other, jabbering happily about business in Japanese. Says one of the *chokazoku*: "All week long, we kill ourselves speaking English. At least on Sunday, we want to speak our native tongue to our heart's content."



NISSAN MOTOR WORKERS SINGING COMPANY SONG  
And a rousing cheer for the next shift.

Taiwan, while Sumitomo took China.

Japanese shipyards can overwhelm foreign competitors partly because their engineers regularly swap technological ideas—so completely that no one remembers and no one cares which company originated a certain important welding process. Says Masashi Isano, 71, chairman of Kawasaki Heavy Industries: "By closely emulating each other, our engineers constantly improve themselves and the industry as a whole. All I have to say to that is *banzai!*"

#### Those Helpful Bureaucrats

Nowhere in the non-Communist world do business and government co-exist so closely. Prime Minister Eisaku Sato heads the Trade Conference, which sets national export goals and coordinates business efforts to achieve them. Most of the government's influence is exercised by the all-important Ministry of International Trade and Industry (MITI), which issues *gyosei shido*, or administrative guidance. For instance, MITI may "advise" a Japanese company to buy a domestic computer rather than one from IBM. A few years ago, many Japanese petrochemical concerns planned to build big plants. MITI experts advised that the foreseeable foreign and domestic demand would justify only six such plants and that construction would have to be spread over three years. The petrochemical-industry trade association quickly decided which six companies should build them—and when.

Japan's competitive strength derives from much more than the government's hothouse care. The nation is developing a new generation of inventive, competitive executives quite able to capture foreign markets on their own. Their exemplar and leader is Sony's Morita.

Unlike older Japanese firms, Sony sells through its own marketing network rather than through the trading

companies that contact overseas buyers for most Japanese manufacturers. Its basic financing is not through bank loans but the sale of stock, 31% of which has been bought by foreigners. Morita, personally and through a family investment company, is the largest shareholder, with 10.3% worth \$130 million.

Slender, white-haired Morita, now 50, is a mixture of Japanese and Western patterns. Amid the woofers, tweeters, exponential horns and other electronic gadgetry crammed into the den of his Tokyo home stands an authentic American nickelodeon that he plays delightedly with nickels brought back from the U.S. As Morita told TIME's Tokyo Bureau Chief Edwin Reingold: "Americans like to come to Japan and take home Japanese antiques. I go to America and bring home your antiques." Morita spends about a third of his time on the road, jetting so often to the U.S. and Europe that he jokes, "It's a long commute." At home or abroad, he regularly arrives at Sony's offices by 8:30 a.m. and works for twelve hours or more. In off hours in foreign cities, he likes to stroll about checking on store displays of Sony and competing products and jotting observations in a notebook. "Business is my hobby," he says.

#### Products of Their Own

Son of a manufacturer of soy sauce and sake, Morita started out as an engineer. As a wartime navy lieutenant he was assigned to help an engineer named Masaru Ihaka develop a heat-seeking bomb. After the defeat, Ihaka opened a communications-equipment business in a Tokyo shed, and Morita joined him. The two begged and borrowed \$500 to start Tokyo Telecommunications Co., later Sony. Ihaka, who was Mr. Inside, developed the products and became president; Morita, Mr. Outside, specialized in marketing

and became executive vice president.

Sony succeeded because its chiefs were among the first Japanese businessmen who did not copy Western products but used Western technology to develop new products of their own. Ihaka read about transistors and, in 1952, went to the U.S. to look at them. He became convinced that they could be used to make a radio. Morita visited the U.S. the next year and returned certain that the radios would sell fast in the U.S. He was amazed by the number of American radio stations and concluded that "everybody in the family will want to listen to his own program on his own radio." The radios were an instant success abroad.

#### Sony on the Moon

A long string of Sony products followed: the first small transistorized TV's, the world's smallest AM radio, even the video-tape cassette recorders used by U.S. astronauts on Apollo moon flights. Their development is a tribute to Ihaka's inventiveness and Sony's highly flexible operating methods. The company, says Morita, is not constricted by a formal research and development budget; it simply pours as much money as seems necessary into a promising idea. Sony's top managers also frequently tear up the organization table, assigning people from throughout the company to work on what looks like the next hot new product.

A key part of Morita's marketing strategy has been to target carefully specific products toward individual foreign markets. In the British color-TV market, for example, he has chosen to compete on price instead of screen size. The least expensive British-made set is a 19-inch model, and only 10% of the TV households have color. By importing a 13-inch set, Morita figured that he could save enough on production and shipping costs to get the price down to \$480 and bring color TV into the reach of many more British families.

Morita is acutely aware—as many Japanese leaders still are not—of the intense foreign anger provoked by Japan's closed-door policy at home and invasion of markets abroad. Although he expects U.S. protectionism to fade eventually as business improves, he fears that Japanese-American relations temporarily will get worse. That is one of the more optimistic views among the experts; many foresee a long period of mounting resentment, tension and perhaps outright hostility leading to swiftly rising trade barriers and exchange controls.

What can be done to prevent such a trade war? Certainly the solution does not lie in appeasing protectionist sentiment. Apart from the economic and political implications of business isolationism, the interests of the consumer should rule, and Morita and his fellow Japanese are giving consumers quality products at reasonable prices. The solution should rather be an equalization of the rules of competition.



As a first step, Japan must quickly take down the bamboo screen that blocks high-technology imports and foreign investment. Many Japanese industrialists tirelessly contend that their economy is an "adolescent" that needs protection against the big, rich, "mature" competitors of North America and Europe, but that argument clearly is not valid today. Japanese manufacturers also have an unnatural price advantage in world competition because their currency, the yen, is undervalued. Tokyo economists reluctantly concede that the yen must be revalued upward; there is likely to be a 5% revaluation within a year.

On the U.S. side, the prime requisite is to develop a coherent trade policy aimed at expanding the flow of world commerce and investment and protecting only those domestic industries that are necessary for the nation's economic or military security. As a painful corollary, the U.S. may have to permit some nonessential industries to be overwhelmed by foreign competition. Washington at present has no overall policy, but tries to tackle trade problems one by one as they pop up. A sensible step would be to accept the Japan Textile Federation's unilateral offer to restrict cloth shipments to the U.S. It is absurd for the U.S. and Japan to squabble fiercely over textiles, because that industry is not vital to the economy of either nation. Simultaneously, the U.S. could crack down harder on dumping in several industries, perhaps by flatly embargoing shipments, though it would be much wiser to do that on a company-by-company basis rather than by blanket rulings as in the TV case.

President Nixon's ability to develop a comprehensive policy is severely limited because he lacks legislative authority to negotiate new U.S. trade concessions in return for a lowering of foreign barriers. That authority expired in 1967: the Administration should demand that Congress renew it. Armed with such power, Nixon could call for a new world trade conference similar to the successful Kennedy Round of 1964-67, this time aimed at elimination of nontariff barriers to trade and investment. This conference would be an ideal forum in which to press the Japanese to remove their remaining restrictions. In return the U.S. should try to persuade European nations to wipe out their restrictions on Japanese goods.

#### The West's Turn to Copy

A mutual lowering of barriers will temporarily make Japanese competition more intense but also more equitable. Sooner or later Japan will have to temper its export drive because its economy is already operating under some severe strains. For one thing, the country is running out of labor. A decade ago, there were two job openings for each high school graduate; this spring there are 7.7. Japan has also bought export growth largely at the price of skimping on internal investment in housing,

roads and pollution control. The country's industrial pollution is perhaps the world's worst. Says Nippon Steel's Nagano: "We need more roads, harbors, bridges, housing. People are living two families to a six-mat (9 ft. by 12 ft.) room. In advanced Western countries, industrial production and the production of social capital have been balanced, but we have been so busy exporting that we have not balanced these things."

Instead of fighting the Japanese, U.S. businessmen can join with them in some mutual projects to make money and, incidentally, help out the have-nots of the world. Harold Scott, director of the U.S. Bureau of International Commerce, believes that as Japan's labor shortage worsens, its industrialists will gradually shift their stress from exports to American-style overseas investment. U.S. companies could speed the process by proposing joint ventures with Japanese firms in third-country markets. Scott envisions, for example, a combination of U.S. and Japanese timber companies to develop the huge lumber resources of the Upper Amazon.

U.S. businessmen could also learn a few lessons from the Japanese system. Its labor practices, for example, are both humane and efficient. Some of them might be tried in the U.S.—not lifetime one-company employment, of course, but perhaps some training practices. Japanese industrialists train many of their workers in several skills rather than insisting on greater specialization as their Western counterparts do. A Japanese engineer is encouraged and even expected to learn something about accounting, finance and personnel work. This seems to help produce better-rounded, more mobile and more highly motivated workers than are found in many Western factories and offices.

A society as heterogeneous and individualistic as the U.S. probably cannot rally most of its people behind a national economic goal in the Japanese sense. But Japan has shown that busi-

ness and government do not have to consider each other as adversaries, as they often do in the U.S. Though the U.S. certainly should not cartelize its industry Japanese-style, Japan's success might stimulate some thinking in Washington as to whether the antitrust laws should be liberalized to promote the nation's competitiveness in world markets.

#### Needed: More Japans

In any program of trade cooperation with Japan, the U.S. can count on support from some of the biggest Japanese businessmen. Morita has been calling for Japan to open its industry more rapidly to U.S. investment, though he gives the idea a characteristic Japanese twist of self-interest. "If we allow more U.S. investment, we will not need a security treaty," says Morita. "Of course the Americans will protect us then. Everybody protects his property."

Morita also proposes international harmonization of product standards, safety regulations, antipollution laws and food standards in order to equalize costs and guard against the possibility that differing national rules will be used to keep out foreign goods. Beyond that, he has begun to believe that the world's industrial leaders have been too narrow in their trade thinking. "There are three big industrial areas; the U.S., Japan and Europe," he says. "Now we have manufacturers trying to sell each other the same things. It doesn't make sense. Two-thirds of the world's people are still living under low standards, and because of that they do not yet constitute a viable market. Just as the U.S. helped Japan rise from nothing, we should all join to try to make more Japans in other parts of the world." That is a sound if ambitious program, and an example of the kind of thinking that may well solve U.S.-Japanese trade difficulties. The issue—and the real Japanese challenge—is nothing less than whether the two mightiest trading nations in the world can learn to live in commercial peace.

BUSINESSMAN RELAXING WITH GEISHA





# Free Trade v. the New Protectionism

**A**T the highest levels, U.S. Government and business leaders are reappraising the nation's foreign trade policy. The challenge of Japan is the major reason for this rethinking, but it is not the only one. A feeling has been growing that many nations are taking commercial advantage of the U.S. As a result, the movement toward freer trade—which the U.S. has championed ever since World War II—is in danger of stalling. The pendulum appears to be swinging toward protectionism.

To assess the situation in trade, and to analyze some policy steps that the U.S. could take, TIME invited twelve top business decision-makers to an all-day meeting with editors of the magazine. The guests included eleven corporate chiefs, representing a spectrum of divergent interests and opinions, and an assistant to President Nixon (see box). Excerpts from the discussion:

## Is protectionism rising in the U.S.?

**DONALD KENDALL:** I don't think anybody could possibly say that there has not been a move toward protectionism. There are more than 100 industries asking for protection. Another indication is what has happened in the labor movement. Labor has historically been on the side of freer trade, but the unions, except for the United Auto Workers and the aircraft unions, have pretty much switched to active protectionism.

**PETER FLANIGAN:** The U.A.W. stand is probably more a memorial to Walter Reuther than an expression of the sentiment of the members. Clearly, there is a great degree of protectionism in Congress. Agriculture has put up a strong barrier against protectionism in the past, but there is substantial erosion even there. Should there be an effort to expand meat imports substantially. I think you will find as big a split starting in agriculture as occurred in the unions.

**DONALD McCULLOUGH:** I would hope we could go through this symposium without drawing lines: protectionism v. free trade, the black hats v. the white hats. In this year 1971, the issues regarding international trade are much too complex to make such sharp distinctions.

**ELY CALLAWAY:** Rather than call it U.S. protectionism, I would call it a beginning toward an enlightened and reasonable economic nationalism. The rest of the world has practiced economic nationalism, but we have not.

**THORNTON BRADSHAW:** Each one of us, I suppose, a free trader except with regard to his own industry.

**RALPH LAZARUS:** I am not sure that the public is aware of protectionism as such or free trade as such. Certain businesses are hurt because of inequities or because of more efficient competition from foreign countries. But if consumers were locked out from low-priced Japanese apparel, if the supply became limited and they had to pay higher prices, you would begin to influence them the other way.

## What accounts for protectionist power?

**C. PETER McCULLOUGH:** Along the freeways in Los Angeles, in the space of 15 minutes, you see six Japanese companies with large signs. You see Toyotas everywhere on the road, and everybody's second television set is a Sony. At the same time, the public is aware of the restrictions that are placed upon us in trying to make investments in order to bring our products to certain other countries.

**WALTER WRISTON:** Twenty years ago, it was appropriate for the U.S. to enter a race with a weight on its back as a handicap. Our productive capacity was such that we did not have to worry too much. Now we are aware of the fact that other countries have not honored their commercial treaties. We are aware of the discrimination of the Common Market against American exports in some 23 cases.

**D. McCULLOUGH:** We are playing under entirely different ground rules. The Marquess of Queensberry rules v. street fighting. Our foreign competition uses street-fighting rules.

## How big and bad are the nontariff barriers?

**GARLAN MORSE:** I don't think the nontariff barriers—import quotas, discriminatory taxes and the like—are understood by the public or by industry or even by Government. But these barriers are so important that just to renegotiate the tariff scales back and forth to bring some equilibrium does not solve the problem.

**WRISTON:** Administrative practices are a major difficulty. You ship fruit over to the Common Market, and they have one inspector on the pier. With that delay, the fruit spoils before the ship can be unloaded. They say that they are not discriminating against us—it just happens that the other fellow's brother graduated from college that day and he went to the ceremony with his sister.

**D. McCULLOUGH:** We in the textile industry cannot ship much into Italy. The customs inspector goes out to lunch, and he never comes back.

**FLANIGAN:** We shouldn't ignore the nontariff barriers that the U.S. has put in place. Let's not delude ourselves by suggesting that we have been simon-pure. But our barriers are nothing compared with theirs, and we have to make every effort to bring theirs down.

## What barriers does the U.S. create for itself in foreign trade and investment?

**WRISTON:** The export of the American mentality along with our goods and services does us a great disservice. For example, the Trading with the Enemy Act gets everybody who has a foreign subsidiary into trouble. The nations where these subsidiaries operate want them to trade with certain countries, but U.S. law forbids it. You have to interview the shrimp to find out whether they are Communist or Hong Kong shrimp.



ATLANTIC RICHFIELD'S BRADSHAW



BURLINGTON'S CALLAWAY



GOODYEAR'S DeYOUNG



PRESIDENTIAL AIDE FLANIGAN

## Talk at the Top

The participants in TIME's seminar:

**THORNTON F. BRADSHAW**, president of Atlantic Richfield Co. (oil).

**ELY R. CALLAWAY JR.**, president of Burlington Industries, Inc. (textiles).

**RUSSELL DEYOUNG**, chairman of Goodyear Tire and Rubber Co.

**PETER M. FLANIGAN**, assistant to President Nixon, with special responsibilities for trade and liaison with the business community.

**ROBERT S. INGERSOLL**, chairman of Borg-Warner Corp. (industrial and automotive machinery).

**DONALD M. KENDALL**, chairman of PepsiCo, Inc. (soft drinks and food) and head of the Emergency Committee for American Trade, a free-trade group.

**RAULPH LAZARUS**, chairman of Federated Department Stores, Inc.

**C. PETER MCCOLOUGH**, president of Xerox Corp.

**DONALD F. MCCULLOUGH**, chairman of Collins & Aikman Corp., and immediate past president of the American Textile Manufacturers Institute.

**GARLAN MORSE**, president of GTE Sylvania, Inc. (lamps, electronics, TV and radio sets).

**C. WILLIAM VERITY JR.**, president of Armco Steel.

**WALTER B. WRISTON**, chairman of the First National City Bank of New York City.

**C. PETER MCCOLOUGH:** It is very difficult to operate around the world with our antitrust laws. We cannot select a foreign partner and say, "We are going to work with you forever." This leads to great difficulty for us because we have to write agreements that are short-term when we really intend them to be long-term. I don't know any other government that makes companies obey not only the laws of the foreign nations where they operate but also certain laws of the home country. We are unique in that.

**BRADSHAW:** The U.S. operates with a huge albatross around its neck, and that is the albatross of its traditions. They are the traditions that brought about our antitrust laws and created the private enterprise system and made it anathema for anyone around this table to talk about the benefits of a corporate state. But that is what Japan is today. I would hope that we will consider today what it means to have national goals with industry and government working hand in hand toward those goals. Look at my industry, oil. I have been struggling to get a national energy policy instituted in Washington, recognizing that it must mean more controls for the oil industry rather than less; recognizing that we are going to have to give up vast portions of what we consider to be our inherent rights in free, private enterprise in order to arrive at an implemented national oil policy. There is a *quid*

*pro quo* for the backing of the Government and that is to accomplish certain things for the nation and not necessarily for the company itself.

**FLANIGAN:** Japan's strengths are not so great that we must change our whole society in order to counter them.

**Why are trade relations especially strained with Japan?**

**CALLAWAY:** I cannot think of any major industry in America that is not subject to great invasion or attack by the Japanese. The problem is that the Japanese system is the most effective monopoly that has ever been developed in the economic history of the world. The Japanese will do whatever they need to do to take over whatever part of the richest markets in the world that they want to take.

**D. MCCULLOUGH:** They zero in on a segment of our market and take it over. Then they will move into the next segment and the next.

**C. WILLIAM VERITY:** The Japanese have allocated tremendous moneys to building up their steel industry. In doing so, they have used the justification that if they cannot sell steel in their own market, they can always get rid of it in the U.S. In many cases, their price in Japan is higher than in either Europe or the U.S. They don't sell on the basis of profit but to fulfill a national need.

**FLANIGAN:** It is almost impossible to find out the true domestic prices of Japanese steel.

**WRISTON:** The British sent a group of chartered accountants to Japan for a six-month study to find out what it costs to build a tanker there. At the end of six months they had had a lot of hot baths and a lot of polite conversation, but they did not find out the real costs. A platoon of cost accountants could make it a life's work and still not find out.

**CALLAWAY:** Well, Burlington's spy system may be a little bit more effective than somebody else's, and we would be glad to service anybody for a fee and study the cost in your industry. I can tell you that on certain worsted fabrics in 1970, the Japanese textile industry sold its product at least 5% higher at home than in the U.S.

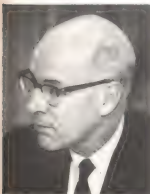
**FLANIGAN:** I think this view of Japan as an invincible monolith probably is not right. The thrust of the argument has been that because they can have a monopoly in Japan, then obviously they are going to be able to beat us. It is my understanding that American business in general feels that monopoly is bad, that it makes people less efficient.

**C. P. MCCOLOUGH:** There are some Japanese computers coming into this country; yet my company cannot manufacture computers in Japan.

**KENDALL:** The road into Japan is about three inches wide. The road into the U.S. is about three miles wide.

**RUSSELL DEYOUNG:** Japan also has the ability to go into other countries and take our markets. We used to export to the Philippines, but now Japan is going in there and taking our market away.

**WRISTON:** Another thing is that they have complete exchange control, and the yen is not free. You can sell it for



BORG-WARNER'S INGERSOLL



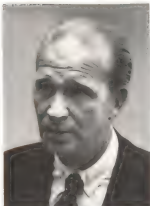
PEPSICO'S KENDALL



FEDERATED STORES' LAZARUS



XEROX'S MCCOLOUGH



COLLINS &amp; AIKMAN'S McCULLOUGH



GTE SYLVANIA'S MORSE



ARMCO'S VERITY



FIRST NATIONAL CITY'S WRISTON

dollars or buy it for dollars only under limited circumstances. So a free market has never set an exchange rate for the yen. I think that is ridiculous. Until they have convertible currency, we will never know what their real trading power is. Everybody says the yen is strong. Let it go out into the world market to compete, and then we will find out.

#### What should the U.S. do—and not do—to help itself now?

**CALLAWAY:** We have to have some clout. We should go to Congress and get new legislation—trade laws that say that every nation has a fair and reasonable opportunity to sell its products here, but not to the extent that it can wreck any significant part of American industry or agriculture because of a system like a monopoly in Japan. Then we can call for reconvening of a meeting of GATT [General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade]. With the political clout of the laws having been passed in this country, we might have a pretty good opportunity to get the members of GATT to adopt some rules that would represent fair play.

**ROBERT INGERSOLL:** I would not like to see us get into a position where there would be retaliation against us from other countries. We had such an experience in the early '60s, when the glass and rug industries prevailed upon President Kennedy to raise tariffs because they were being injured. The Common Market did not retaliate in those industries, but it immediately put a 40% tariff on styrene-based plastics. My company happened to have built a plant in Britain, thinking we could ship into the Common Market, and the new tariff just cut us off. Foreign countries will hit you where you are most vulnerable.

**C.P. McCULLOUGH:** We have to show the Japanese that if they are going to dump television sets, we will put an absolute embargo on them. In my experience that is the only way the Japanese are going to negotiate. Until you get their attention, until you have the power to club them over the head, they are not going to negotiate.

**WRISTON:** We have a Treaty of Commerce and Friendship with Japan, and it requires reciprocity of investment and trade. No one has ever leaned on them to really observe that. Japan also signed Article VIII of the International Monetary Fund, yet their currency is not convertible. Nobody has leaned on them for that either, so far as I know.

**CALLAWAY:** If we could get the European Economic Community to ease its nontariff barriers and take 10% of Japan's exports, instead of only the present 2%, that would ease Japanese pressure on the U.S.

**WRISTON:** I have just been over to Europe, and I got this curve ball thrown into every conversation. They would say: "Why don't we join hands against Japan?" I would say: "You have textile quotas against Japan; why don't we join

hands and lower those, too?" And they would say: "You don't understand the problem."

**KENDALL:** Through its import quotas and other barriers, Japan now maintains import restrictions on 80 items that are in violation of the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade. Under the GATT arrangement, we can project what these violations cost our industries in total dollars and then stop an equivalent amount of Japanese goods at our own borders.

**FLANIGAN:** It would be nice to take that proverbial two-by-four and get somebody's attention. But Japan has reduced its items in violation of GATT from 120 to 80, and we expect the number to be down to 40 by September. Meanwhile, we are attempting to negotiate an extension and tightening of the voluntary limitations on steel imports. We have negotiated a voluntary limitation on stainless-steel flatware. We are now talking about shoes, and we may attempt to solve that problem by a voluntary limitation. Is it appropriate that while we are discussing these voluntary limitations with the Japanese, we take off after them on their remaining GATT violations, when they are already reducing them?

#### What is the case for free trade?

**LAZARUS:** When you put up a barrier and there is retaliation, the consumer ends up losing something. I am not sure all industries should be protected when they are threatened by foreign trade. For instance, in the shoe situation: Italy knocked the socks off the U.S. by developing shoe styles that hit right with the trend of dress and the predominant fashion today. They beat our industry not nearly so much in price as in style. That kind of thing is important to the U.S. consumer. You have to put the consumer's interest first.

**BRADSHAW:** The question ought to be, what are the goals that we are trying to accomplish? Are we trying to protect every industry in the U.S. in its present form? Are we trying to maintain full employment by erecting trade barriers? Are we trying to protect high labor wages? Are we trying to protect our current technology? Are we trying to freeze our economy? I could not agree with most of these objectives. We can start with selecting of certain industries that are essential to the basic economy of the U.S., and they must be protected in some way. Beyond that, I don't think that we should hamper the free flow of trade to the building in of rigidities that are likely to strangle us in the end.

**WRISTON:** I am not sure that we should throw away the benefits of free trade because at the moment we haven't found the levers of power to pull to compete against Japan. To remedy our present problem, we will have to examine many things: our antitrust policy, our policy of excluding unions from antitrust legislation, our tradition of the natural antipathy of business and Government. The way to fix our problem is not through an escalating trade war but through opening up markets of the world to more goods. Protectionism is a losing game any way you play.

\* Article VIII of the IMF agreement forbids the fund's 117 members to maintain exchange controls except under "special or temporary" circumstances.

## BOOKS

### Boy's Home Town Makes Good

YAZOO: INTEGRATION IN A DEEP-SOUTHERN TOWN by Willie Morris. 192 pages. Harper's Magazine Press. \$5.95.

*He seemed to see his whole native land, his home—the dirt, the earth which had bred his bones and those of his fathers for six generations and was still shaping him into not just a man but a specific man, not with just a man's passions and aspirations and beliefs but the specific passions and hopes and convictions and ways of thinking and acting of a specific individual and even race.*

—William Faulkner  
*Intruder in the Dust*

I like Faulkner, Morris, the 36-year-old former editor of *Harper's* magazine, is Mississippi grown. Unlike Faulkner, who kept close to the home that he turned into a national myth, Morris has spent most of his adult life outside the state. In Texas as an undergraduate and muckraker for the *Texas Observer*; in England as a Rhodes scholar; and in New York as a hard-drinking, uncompromising and sometimes brilliant editor. Yet, says Morris, "the longer I live in Manhattan, the more Southern I seem to become."

To be both a Southerner and an American like Willie Morris is to engage in a perpetual war between states of mind, between the received past and the acquired present. That past requires continual reconnaissance. So in January 1970, Morris took the first of six trips back home to Yazoo City on the edge of the Mississippi Delta.

Obviously he was there reporting on the effects of the October 1969 U.S. Su-

preme Court order that 30 Mississippi school districts integrate immediately and completely. Beyond that, Morris was reluctantly bent on re-evaluating his own attachments to the South. Three years before he had published *North Toward Home*, a fine memoir of his boyhood and youth. Judging from the letters he received from Mississippi, he was not the most popular boy in town.

Morris found that after 16 years of talking themselves into believing total school integration would never happen, the townspeople were too busy to notice him. As had previously occurred elsewhere in the South when integration began, hard-core segregationist parents enrolled their children in hastily organized, expensive all-white private "academies." But they did not really catch on. Yazoo's 11,000 citizens are about evenly divided between blacks and whites, but only 20% of the city's white pupils were pulled out for private schooling. Adult acquiescence was veiled in all sorts of rationalizations. One white mother argued that because her son customarily kept his head buried in books, he would never see a Negro.

**Pep Yells.** Many of Yazoo's kids, Morris says, objected to being sent to private segregated schools. The public schools had their traditions, not the least of which were athletic, and the influx of black players added measurably to the quality of Yazoo's teams. Black and white athletes even began exchanging soul slaps on the field. White cheerleaders picked up black musical cadences in their pep yells.

Morris notes Yazoo's new awareness of itself, not as a backwater of lost causes but as a place where important things are happening—a place to be. Yet he knows the South too well, and he knows how tenuous and how mortal is enlightened leadership. The mood of the '60s, with its racial violence and political assassinations, mutes Morris' blend of journalism and autobiography. It puts graceful reins on his prose, which sometimes seems about to run wild like Thomas Wolfe's or feed royally on itself like Norman Mailer's.

It is Morris' tone of voice, finally, that gives *Yazoo* a nuance and emotional impact far more revealing than any amount of facts or figurings. The subtle tension in the book began well before the past decade. As heir to the tradition of such liberal Southern journalists as Ralph McGill and Hodding Carter, Morris remains faithful to the basic truth that the Southern white and Southern Negro are bound together like no other two groups in the country. In *North Toward Home*, Willie Morris' grandmother touched this haunting idea when she remarked, "Maybe when we all get to heaven, they'll be white and we'll be black."

—R.Z. Sheppard



"ESKIMO DANCE" BY HOUSTON  
Principle of civilization shattered.

### By Northern Lights

THE WHITE DAWN, AN ESKIMO SAGA by James Houston. 275 pages. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich. \$6.95.

Waist-deep in a pile of their own empires, 20th century technological men keep casting wistful second glances at "barbaric" societies that have lived harmoniously and respectfully with the earth. James Houston's particular over-the-shoulder look picks out an imagined Eskimo community at the moment of its intersection with Western life. A painter who spent twelve years in the Canadian Arctic, Houston was intrigued by an oldtimer's yarn of a lost whaleboat crew found wandering on the ice floes by Eskimos in 1896. The three men lived a year among their rescuers, only to be killed by them in the end. *The White Dawn* is Houston's crisp and delicate reconstruction of that tale.

The story is told through the mind of Avinga, a kind of Eskimo Ishmael who finally finds himself alone after the disintegration of his community. To Avinga and his fellow Eskimos, the rescued white men are almost fascinatingly ugly. They refer to them as *kalmait* (literally, "people with the heavy eyebrows"), the legendary offspring of a wayward Eskimo girl and a sled dog. Yet they tolerate the white men's minor barbarities and breaches of courtesy with indulgent understanding.

The white men soon start to melt with the nomadic Eskimo commune. But even as the whalers learn to eat meat raw instead of "disgustingly" burning it, forget the calendar and acquire their hosts' language, they also begin to commit offenses horn less of malice than of cultural differences.

Instead of enjoying the freely offered sexual services of borrowed wives—as Eskimos do—they sleep with unmarried



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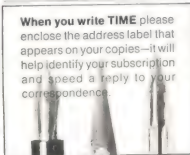
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daughters, something that Eskimos regard as ill-mannered. They teach the Eskimos to play soccer with curious results. "When my people understood this new game, they were shocked," Avinga thinks, "for it was not a game of pleasure. It was more like men fighting against each other in anger. But still they continued, for everyone wished to be polite to the strangers."

**Final Tragedy.** Over the whole story broods Houston's larger protagonist: nature in the Arctic, the violent rhythm of storms and seasons. There is an almost Homeric hunt for walrus, and a winter dance of exquisite magic and sexuality. Eventually a moment comes in the long winter when the whalers, ugly but not serious, threaten an Eskimo with knives. In his code, it is a disastrous challenge: he must either kill the *kalinait* or exile himself. "But killing men was not our custom," says Avinga, "and it had not been done in living memory." With no reasonable solution possible, the Eskimo simply withdraws. He is never seen again. Soon afterward, the whalers ferment some berry wine, ply the remaining Eskimos with it and so produce a drunken dance that becomes a bewildered travesty of the first. When the final tragedy comes, it is clear that something as fragile as a principle of civilization—the Eskimos', not the whites'—has been shattered.

■ Lance Morrow

## With Love and Squalor

THE SADDEST STORY by Arthur Mizener. 616 pages. World. \$20.

"God damn and blast my soul!" the Pre-Raphaelite painter Ford Madox Brown used to warn his grandson. "I will turn you straight out of my house if you go in for any kind of commercial life." But he added: "Beggars yourself rather than refuse assistance to anyone whose genius you think shows promise of being greater than your own." Ford Madox Hueffer, the old artist's grandson, was born into the Rossetti circle. After World War I he changed his Germanic last name to Ford. His achievements included the authorship of 81 books, as well as the more or less legal possession of four wives. Following his grandfather's quixotic instructions, he was fearless about money and generous beyond his means. His life was in some ways as melancholy as that of F. Scott Fitzgerald, Arthur Mizener's celebrated previous subject.

Ford founded and then ran the century's two most brilliant literary journals, the *English Review* (London, circa 1909) and the *Transatlantic Review* (Paris, circa 1923). He possessed a rare perception of genius in others. The list of writers Ford published early reads like a mail-order come-on to some 20th century great-writers anthology: Conrad, Galsworthy, Pound, E.M. Forster, Hardy, H.G. Wells, Henry James, Wyndham Lewis, James Joyce, and a chesty 25-



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FORD, JOYCE & POUND (1923)  
An anthology of 20th century genius.

year-old American whom Ford enraged by referring to as "young Hemingway." "Hurray!" H.G. Wells once shouted at a dinner for Ford, "Fordie's discovered another genius! Called D.H. Lawrence!" Unfortunately Ford had a compulsive need for gratitude. When not enough of it was forthcoming, he reminded people of their debt, or made grandiose public claims for himself. The classic case, which Mizener seems to put in factual perspective at last, is Ford's decade-long collaboration with Joseph Conrad, an idea proposed by Conrad in 1898.

**Romantic Belief.** Ford later said that he was the virtual author of Conrad's story *Amy Foster* and that he was both better off and better known than Conrad. Both claims were balderdash. Yet as Mizener shows, Conrad did owe a good deal to Ford, who did in fact once write a 16-page installment of *Nostromo*. To show how close their literary relationship was, Mizener quotes a letter from Conrad proposing to sell one of Ford's stories as his own. A newspaper syndicate had asked for a story, but Conrad had none ready. Could Ford spare one of his? "I'll put in a few of my jargon phrases," Conrad concludes, "and send it on."

Ford's domestic affairs were a shambles from the beginning. In personal crises he tended to react "like a jelly at bay." He harbored a romantic belief in the restfulness of free love, along with a notion of himself as the last of the true 18th century Tory gentlemen, devoted to simplicity, probity and order, but mercilessly chivied by the mainstream modern world.

Ford transformed these inner tensions into fiction that made him, at rare best, one of the finest novelists of the century. *Parade's End*, his tetralogy about a last Tory gentleman—the much-chivied Christopher Tietjens—mirrors, with love and squalor, the death of prewar British society. *The Good Soldier* (1915) is so subtle and shapely a domestic tragedy that it very nearly makes good the narrator's extravagant claim: "The death of a mouse from cancer is the whole sack of Rome by the Goths, and I swear to you that the breaking up of

our little foursquare coterie was such another unthinkable event."

Re-created in scholarly biography, Ford's breakdowns, his fibbing, his colossal self-pity seem sad, messy, asinine and above all repetitive. He viewed publishers as "tradesmen" and quarreled with them endlessly. Ford was fond of women and attractive to them, in part because he shared with his hero Tietjens the view that you seduce "a young woman in order to be able to finish your talks with her." Yet one feels he fully deserved Violet Hunt, the intellectual succubus for whom he broke up his first marriage in 1909 and who became the model for one of fiction's most ferocious females, Tietjens' wife Sylvia. Violet's real-life amours included pursuit by—or of—both H.G. Wells and Henry James, as well as six pages' worth of other men.

Ford finally broke away. Eventually he found two ideal women—Stella Bowen, an Australian painter, who lived with him from 1919 to 1927, and another painter, Janice Biala, who stayed from 1930 until his death in 1939 at the age of 66. "When Ford wanted anything," Stella wrote, "he filled the sky with an immense ache that had the awful simplicity of a child's grief."

Authors rarely live as well as they write, and Ford was clearly due for an exhaustive scholarly biography. Ford's life, however, is notably unhelpful to his public reputation. Lovers of his novels will still settle for some brief epitaph like Robert Lowell's: "Ford, you were a kind man and you died in want."

• Timothy Foote

## Root and Branch

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MISS JANE PITTMAN by Ernest J. Gaines. 245 pages. Dial. \$6.95.

Ernest J. Gaines has not received anything like the attention he deserves, for he may just be the best black writer in America. He is so good, in fact, that he makes the category seem meaningless, though one of his principal subjects has been slavery—past and present.

Born on a Louisiana plantation 38 years ago, Gaines is first and last a country-boy writer. He sets down a story as if he were planting, spreading the roots deep, wide and firm. His stories grow organically, at their own rhythm. When they ripen at last, they do so inevitably, arriving at a climax with the absolute rightness of a folk tale. "Just Like a Tree," the final story in his fine 1968 collection, *Bloodline*, could serve as the description for all Gaines' work. Making a slow concentric dance around the life and death of a matriarch named Aunt Fe, the story also anticipated Gaines' novel.

Jane Pittman is the ancient of ancients, nearly 110 years old, on a Louisiana plantation. Recollecting her life for a tape recorder, she remembers herself first as a slave child, fetching water for Confederate soldiers in retreat, then

for Yankees in pursuit. A Yank corporal named Brown tells her to look him up in Ohio. After the Emancipation Proclamation, she sets out to do just that. Most of the ex-slaves impulsively migrating north with her are killed by white-trash patrolmen. The moral is fundamental to Gaines' temperament: the more things change, the more they seem to stay the same.

**Humiliations.** Jane never gets out of Louisiana. But she has begun a pilgrimage of the soul, at first so creepingly tentative that she seems to be motionless. She marries a broncobuster who is killed by a black stallion. An orphaned boy she has adopted grows up to be a school-teacher. For his premature ideas about civil rights ("Don't run and do fight"), a hired gun shoots him down.

Still Jane's life goes on, apparently as before, such moments of violence surrounded by uneventful years. Accepting her humiliations the old-fashioned way—pretending not to notice them—she takes pride in sanctioned achievements like cotton chopping. She gets religion, and she takes to Huey Long. When Jackie Robinson comes along, she turns into a Dodger fan. In the 1960s Jane's new surrogate son rises up to make an issue of segregated drinking fountains. He too is killed, but this time, almost 100 years after she tried her first step out of slavery, Jane continues that march.

Obviously this is not hot-and-breathless, burn-baby-burn writing. Unlike apocalyptic novelists, Gaines does not make the revolution happen by surreal rhetoric. He simply watches, a patient artist, a patient man, and it happens for him. When Jane, disobedient at last, walks past her plantation owner to take part in a demonstration, a code goes crack, as surely, as naturally as a root pushing up through concrete.

• Melvin Maddocks

## Best Sellers

### FICTION

1. QB VII, Uris (3 last week)
2. The Passions of the Mind, Stone (1)
3. The New Centurions, Wambaugh (2)
4. The Underground Man, MacDonald (4)
5. The Throne of Saturn, Drury (5)
6. Summer of '42, Raucher (7)
7. Rich Man, Poor Man, Shaw (9)
8. The Antagonists, Gann (6)
9. Vandenberg, Lange (10)
10. Passenger to Frankfurt, Christie (8)

### NONFICTION

1. The Sensuous Man, "M" (3)
2. Bury My Heart at Wounded Knee, Brown (5)
3. The Greening of America, Reich (1)
4. Stillwell and the American Experience in China, 1911-45, Tuchman (2)
5. The Grondées, Birmingham (7)
6. Future Shock, Toffler (4)
7. Boss Richard J. Daley of Chicago, Royko (6)
8. Civilization, Clark (8)
9. The Beautiful People's Beauty Book, Princess Luciana Pignatelli
10. Khrushchev Remembers, Khrushchev (9)

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## CINEMA

### In the Streets

*Right On!* and *Skezag* are two cries of pain from the ghetto streets, brutal nonfiction films about what it means to be poor and black. In *Right On!*, three young men who call themselves the Original Last Poets face the camera with coolly controlled rage, chanting their lacerating lyrics of defiance, a street-corner compendium of jive, gospel and blank verse. "Die, niggas," sings one. "die, niggas, so black folks can take over!" Producer-Director Herbert Danska photographed the group on the streets and rooftops of Harlem and the Lower East Side, but his attempts to interweave their poetry with documentary footage never becomes a clear pattern. The intensity of the words turns the street scenes



POET PERFORMING IN "RIGHT ON!"  
Cool rage, heroin fantasies.

into redundant illustrations adding little to the raw emotion of the chant.

*Skezag* (a slang term for heroin) is a relentless portrait of three junkies who shoot up in front of the camera and drift off into their heroin fantasies of incoherent hostility and depression. Before they do, *Skezag* records a long conversation between Film Makers Joel Freedman and Philip Messina and a smooth-talking hustler named Wayne, who claims that he is not really addicted. Two friends of his eventually enter the claustrophobic scene: Sonny, quiet and morose, and Angel, who talks a political line. Casually and inevitably they all take heroin. Returning to the ghetto, they realize anew they have gone nowhere; the heroin, like the streets, is its own dead end. The film closes on that despairing note and on Wayne's abrupt realization that he is fully hooked. Real life has been only slight-

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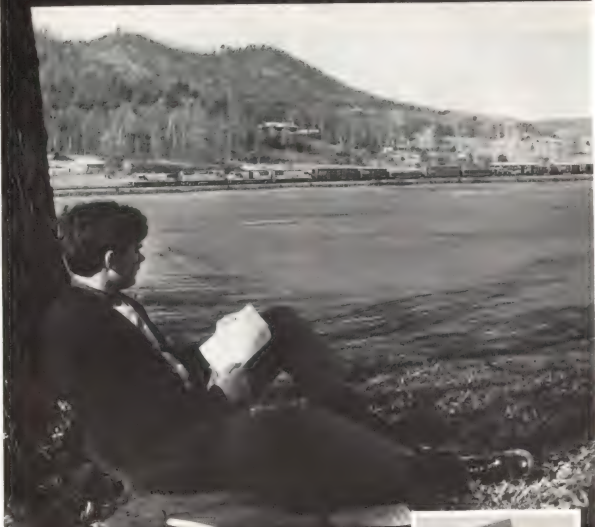
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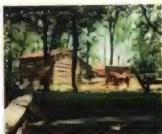
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ly kinder for the three junkies. Angel has shaken the habit, and now tours with the film, lending whatever help and information he can in post-screening discussions: the other two are in jail. But as *Right On!* and *Skeez* both make clear, there are ways to be imprisoned without once being behind bars.

■ Joy Cocks

## Shedding Darkness On the Youth Culture

In its efforts to lure young people to the box office, Hollywood continues to cannibalize youth culture. A few well-picked, mostly tasteless bones:

*Melody* is about a lonely eleven-year-old boy (Mark Lester) and a misunderstood schoolmate (Tracy Hyde) who fall in love and are ridiculed by their parents, teachers and peers, but who eventually wed in a ceremony conducted by the boy's best friend (Jack Wild). The denouement finds all the school kids backing the prepubescent romance and holding their teachers off while the happy couple pump away into the sunset on a railroad handcar. There are some good secondary scenes of teasing and classroom high jinks, and excellent photography by Peter Suschitzky, who tries to give spice to an otherwise far too sugary project.

The lonely and misunderstood lovers in *Friends* go the kids in *Melody* a couple of steps better. They are older (14 and 15), but only a little wiser. They run off to a picturesque cottage in the south of France, where they set up housekeeping and discover s-x. They eventually have a baby, but since they fear discovery, they deliver the child themselves. They also play at marriage, standing in a corner of the church during a real wedding ceremony and whispering the vows to each other. There is even an unhappy ending, meant to be touching, but so laughably illogical that it becomes merely maladroited.

In *Making It*, the film makers added

SOCIOLOGY IN "PRETTY MAIDS"



a couple of years to the protagonist and a lethal dose of cynicism to the script. Kristoffer Tabori plays an adolescent Alfie with vigor, humor and great promise, qualities that the movie itself lacks completely. He spends most of his time bounding around Albuquerque, sleeping with a high school coach's wife, seducing pliant teeny-boppers and—understandable after all the frenetic activity—nodding out in class. *Aficionados* of Hollywood bad taste will have much to cherish in *Making It*, but nothing will please them so much as the scene in which the Tabori character feels closer to his mother after he is forced to assist at her abortion.

*The Buttercup Chain* is a leaden comedy-melodrama about the intramurals two young couples play as they wander around England, Spain and Sweden. The characters are in their early 20s, but by comparison to the children in the other youth pictures, they seem to be drifting into senility, an impres-



SCRUBBING IN "FRIENDS"  
Only a little wiser.

sion strongly reinforced by their mummified acting. Jane Asher and Sven-Bertil Taube are attractive and easy enough to take, but Hywel Bennett looks like a cross between Paul McCartney and Elmer Fudd. Then there is doe-eyed Leigh Taylor-Young, an actively bad actress who improves only when she takes her clothes off.

*Summer of '42* is a piece of machine-tooled sentiment about an adolescent's first stirrings of love and initiation into tentative adulthood. There is a standard form for films like this, and *Summer of '42* seems to have been the model. It has gauzy, soft-focus photography and saccharin rhapsodies on the sound track. The writing is appropriately wretched and includes such Deathless Words to Live By as "Life is made up of small comings and goings." This wis-



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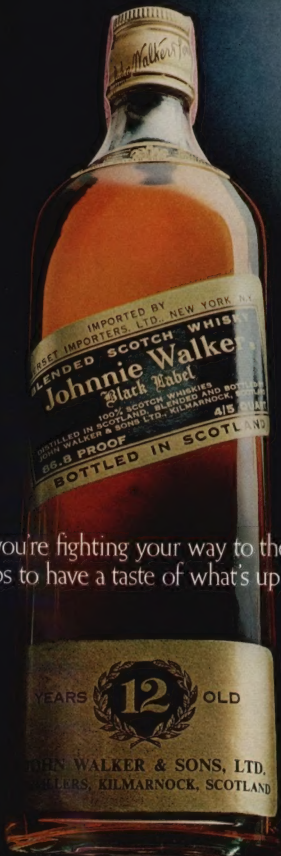
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